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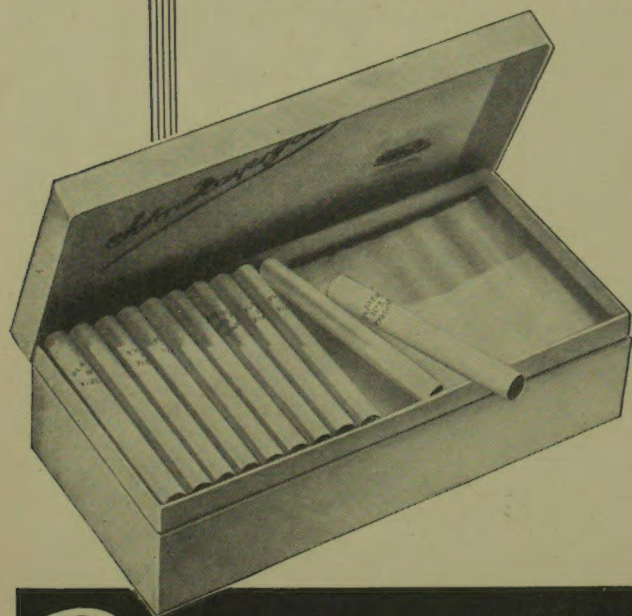


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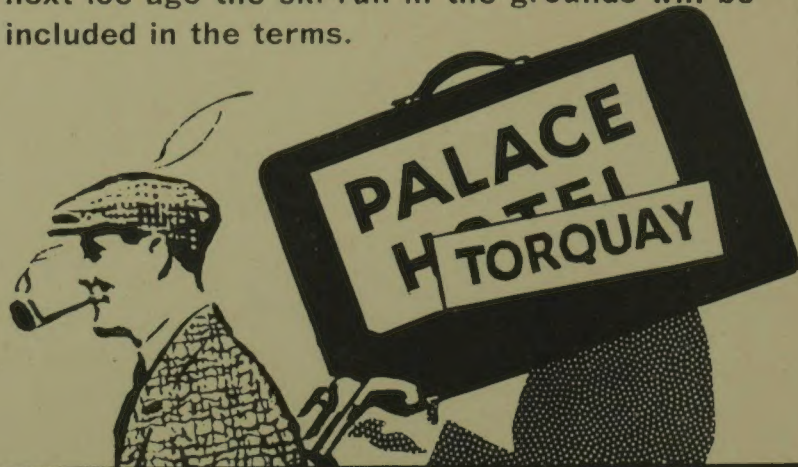
3.P.12.C.

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There are definite advantages, however, in staying at the Palace. For instance, you get a lot more wear from summer flannels and swimming suits. Moreover, we promise that in the next ice age the ski-run in the grounds will be included in the terms.





## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

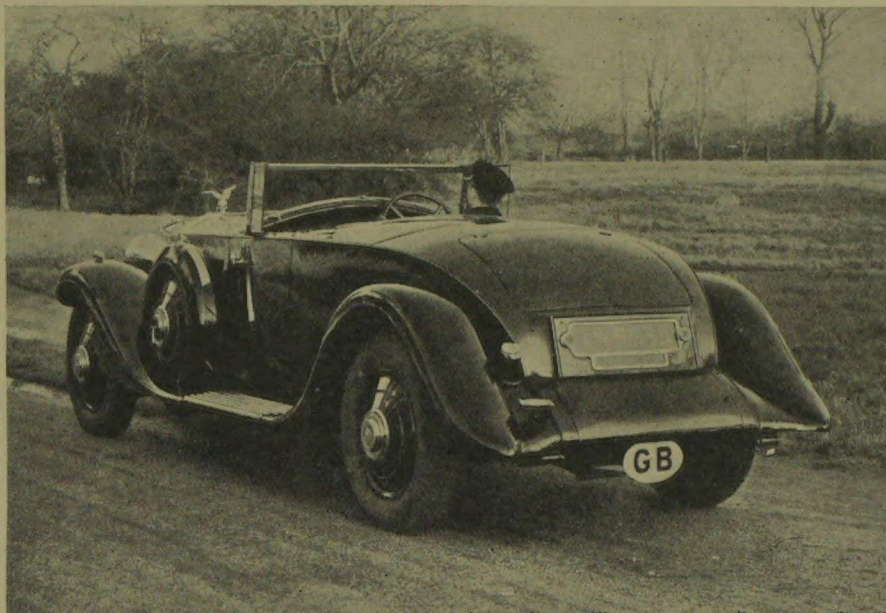
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ENGLISHMEN motoring in France should study the official "Code de la Route" before they cross the Channel in order to avoid committing sins of omission in regard to certain fittings, compulsory accessories, and customs laid down by French law to be observed while driving motor vehicles at night. On Feb. 1, the French Government Department concerned issued an important number of new regulations as well as revisions and changes in the existing "Code." France has usually set the world an example to follow in its motoring regulations, so that I should not be surprised if some of the latest additions to the "Code de la Route" are also adopted by Great Britain and other countries. For instance, rear number-plates must now be readable at night from a distance of 100 yards. This is a definite distance, whereas previously, as in England to-day, it was a "reasonable distance" for legibility—otherwise a matter of opinion and fraught with arguments. Drivers must not pass another car going in the same direction unless they have sufficient room and can see far enough ahead (to pass in safety). This sensible regulation now makes it an offence against the Code should any driver pass another car without these conditions being observed. It is, however, the rear lighting of our English cars which will require altering for motoring in France, as I am of opinion that only internal lighted rear number-plates are visible and readable at a distance of 100 yards away from the car. And only a few of our cars use that form of rear identification plate and back lamp.

**New Cars Have Many Virtues.** Enthusiasm based on performance has brought forth many praises to be showered on the new cars of 1933. In fact, they have so many virtues that one wonders how much room has been left for improvement

in coming years. One point can be emphasised, as it is the dictum of the insurance engineers—the new cars are safer. In England, the Road Traffic Act brought about compulsory safety glass for front screens and forward windows for our own new cars registered since 1931, and other countries have since followed our example. So we find U.S.A. motors and others fitted with non-shattering glass in order to be in fashion

lower centre of gravity—another item to provide greater safety to the new cars. Lower centre of gravity, longer springs, stiffer frames, automatic self-adjusting shock absorbers, and larger tyres have done much to provide better traction. These keep the wheels on the ground and prevent the car from turning over. Last but not least, the new cars are easier to drive. Thus there is less distraction of the attention of the driver from the road itself and its possible hazards.



AUSTERE BEAUTY OF LINE IN COACHWORK BUILT BY MESSRS. HOOPER AND CO.: A CONTINENTAL TYPE TWO-SEATER SPORTS "PHANTOM II." ROLLS-ROYCE THAT BELONGS TO MISS SUNNY JARMAN, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ACTRESS.

The car is black and red and upholstered in red leather. The hood is concealed within the body. Lady's and gentleman's companions are fitted into the main doors, closed by sliding shutters. The driving seat is adjustable. The screen is in one piece, hinged at the top, with wipers concealed in the bottom screen rail.

with English carriages. Also, as greater speed has been developed for our motors, better brakes have been fitted. While I will credit France with the introduction of power or servo types of brakes, it was the more general adoption of "assisted" braking on English cars which has now borne fruit, inasmuch as all cars now have greatly-improved stopping powers, following the example of British vehicles. With speed, also, came

clientèle, so Brooklands may see their re-entry into the competition motoring world. The M.G. Club of enthusiastic M.G. car-owners will take part in all competitions this year, and I am given to understand that Mr. Cecil Kimber, managing director of the M.G. Car Co., has decided to enter a team of M.G. "Magnettes" for the International Alpine Trial next August.

### Brooklands' The Brooklands Automobile Racing Opening Meet.

Club at Weybridge, Surrey, opens its 1933 season to-day (Feb. 25) with a Rally organised by the go-ahead Junior Car Club. Extensive repairs have been made to the track, the new entrance from the Portsmouth Road to the paddock is completed as far as the road is concerned, and only the bridge carrying pedestrians coming from Weybridge Station remains to be completed and may be finished before these lines appear in print. Brooklands should see a number of new racing cars and a batch of young drivers who are taking up motor racing as their recreation. According to the drivers from England taking part in the Monte Carlo Rally, I was informed that the Minerva factory at Antwerp were coming back into racing, and had engaged Caracciola to drive for them and look after that end of the business. Minervas won the T.T. team prize presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* in the 1914 Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man, and have always had an English

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*Capt. E. de Normanville, 'Sunday News'*

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1933.



**A JAPANESE OFFICER LEADING HIS MEN IN SHOUTS OF "BANZAI!" IN THE CAPTURED CITY OF SHANHAIKWAN:  
AN INCIDENT OF THE FIGHTING THAT LED UP TO THE JEHOI SITUATION.**

The tense situation that arose recently between the Chinese and the Japanese over the "buffer" province of Jehol, a territory lying between China proper and Manchuria, developed out of the events at the beginning of this year, when the Japanese, on January 3, captured Shanhaikwan. The above photograph, which has just reached us, along with those given on page 251, was taken just after the Japanese had entered the city. It shows a Japanese officer, Major Ochiai, leading his men in their national shout of triumph—"Banzai!"—in front of the ruined

tower over the South Gate at Shanhaikwan. This shell-shattered building appears in several of our later illustrations. On February 14 it was reported from Peking that the Japanese had prepared ultimatums demanding the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Jehol on the ground that the province is part of Manchukuo. The Chinese Acting Prime Minister, Mr. T. U. Soong, had stated that China would offer a national resistance to a Japanese invasion of Jehol, as that province was, to the Chinese, as much a part of China as Kwangtung.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I FANCY our old friend the Detective Story is destined to detect a good many other people besides its own criminal. Sometimes, it will be said, it detects, exposes, and condemns its own author. But (apart from that question, painful and delicate to one who has himself thus exposed himself) the detective tale does expose a good many other things. It does carry with it an opportunity of criticising many other institutions besides the primary and precious institution of crime. Admittedly, at the very start, it reflected on other methods of detection and, in a sense, on rival detectives. What the French call the police novel rapidly became a novel with a purpose; the purpose of satirising the police. Sherlock Holmes convicts Lestrade more clearly than he convicts Moriarty. This particular phase has probably been carried too far; and recent writers of detective fiction have begun to drop it. It was easy enough to represent a stolid policeman as bewildered by a fantastic and paradoxical amateur of genius, so long as it all happened in a book. But, in real life, the fact that a man is solid is really no proof that he is stupid. Since that time, however, the wandering searchlight of the detective story has lit up other buildings besides those of Scotland Yard. And with that there has been opened rather a new phase in the philosophy of detective stories, and a possibility of criticising other things and people that are more dangerous than policemen, let alone murderers.

I do not like Big Business; and it amuses me to note how the detective story at once reflects its bigness, and is bound to reflect on the open question of its badness. The modern habit of herding huge masses of people into large buildings, or open spaces, for the purpose of carrying out some commercial or scientific design, could not but throw its gigantic shadow over the poor little police novel and alter some of the conditions of the life described in it. I notice that the newest mystery stories, by the best mystery-mongers, have now adopted a new method. They take the background of some modern mode of life, such as the life of a theatre or a big shop or a battle-ship, or any other life that is separated from most ordinary life, and yet is lived on a fairly large scale; and they try to add a new interest to the crime, through the interest of the conditions of the crime. Thus the last excellent crime novel of Miss Dorothy Sayers, "Murder Must Advertise," is concentrated on the conditions of work in an Advertising Agency. Thus Mr. Philip Macdonald's latest problem for Colonel Anthony Gethryn is all about the conditions of training a prize-fighter, and stuffed with technical details about pugilism. Thus one of the best of the recent American authors in this department has written two murder stories, in which nobody puts a foot outside the buildings of a big hospital, but everything turns on the

discipline and etiquette concerning nurses, doctors, and patients. This notion of describing conditions is successful on one condition: that the writer happens to be a person who knows how to write. For instance, Miss Sayers makes fun of Advertisement, in a way that is not only fun but fundamental criticism. Also, the method is an improvement on many of the conventional methods that used to be used for padding out a short crime story to the length of a novel. It used to be done almost entirely by spinning out the process of suspecting all the wrong people before it came to the right one. We might express it by saying that the detective story was really five different detective stories; but only in the last story was the right thing detected. This had the rather unfortunate effect that the infallible, immediate, swift, splendid and flashing detective genius

allow. But it has its disadvantages; and perhaps its chief advantage is that it really does throw a lurid light on the disadvantages of modern conditions.

Humanity has been organised from the beginning in families, and then in workshops and other kinds of shops, more or less modelled on the framework of families. It is one of the dullest delusions of modern talk and writing to suppose that this necessarily means a narrow isolation, as of bedridden cripples living indoors. There is a curious idea that our fathers thought that one of the virtues of the family was this inhuman segregation. On the contrary, our fathers thought that one of the virtues of the family was hospitality. Only they thought that there ought to be a family to be hospitable; it is much more the moderns who think that we should be all patients, or passive recipients of something given by nobody and received by everybody; as if there were nothing else except the hospitality of a hospital. The home was the nucleus round which there always gathered a number of things not actually of itself; neighbours and near relations and the friends of the rising generation; lovers and rivals and the apprentice who married his master's daughter. What was dramatic always attached itself to what was domestic. Most great dramas, and nearly all tragic, terrible, butcherly and bloody dramas, were domestic dramas. But the point about it was that it preserved the unities of the drama. It was performed within a definite framework of time and space, and, above all, with a more or less

definite cast of characters. If this is compact and convenient for the drama, it is vital and essential for the detective story. A puzzle must consist of a definite number of pieces, or it is not a puzzle but a mere paralysis of the mind, a blank bewilderment.

Now just as I have read modern novels that were literally bewildering because of their shifting polygamy and promiscuity, so I find even these excellent new mystery tales tend a little to scatter rather than concentrate the thoughts. I have read love stories in which the lovers changed so rapidly that I could not distinguish Peter from Jim or Michael from Maurice. There was simply a sensation that a circle of unity had been broken and the world was pouring in like a sea. So, in a lesser degree, the outer limits and lines of the new mystery story are less clearly drawn. In a huge hospital or emporium, you cannot suspect everybody; so that you do not suspect anybody. You cannot suspect everybody, because you do not know everybody. There is too large a choice, and we do not attempt to choose. Even the poor innocent little murder story may help to light up the monstrosities of modern sociology, and show how the accumulation of too much of humanity only becomes inhuman.



THE ANCIENT NORTHERN GATEWAY IN THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA LEADING INTO THE PROVINCE OF JEHO: A MOUNTAINOUS REGION IN THE TERRITORY DISPUTED BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

This photograph gives a panoramic view of Kupehkw, an important point on the Great Wall of China that forms a gateway into the province of Jehol on its northern side. Japan regards the province as an integral part of Manchukuo, and recently demanded that China should withdraw her troops from it. Jehol is a frontier province between Manchukuo and China proper, and has an area of about 60,000 square miles. Kupehkw is about 70 miles north-east of Peking, and 50 miles south-west of the city of Jehol.

had to make a fool of himself five times, before we were really allowed to have a glimpse of his wisdom. Some element of these erroneous or experimental first thoughts there must always be in such a story; but, by depending entirely on this method, writers produced the impression that their Sherlock Holmes was wrong five times for once that he was right. Moreover, it is illogical and inartistic, in the very philosophy of the thing, to follow a clue that is completely misleading. There is one thing that every sort of story ought to do, and that is to move; and this sort of story has very few other merits except to move. It is a sin against the very nature of the narrative that the enquirer should find himself in chapter ten back exactly where he was in chapter two. The infallible detective may make mistakes, but he must at least learn by his mistakes; and the reader must have learnt a little more through his making the mistakes. It is very natural, therefore, that something should be done to brighten up the detail of a detective story besides temporary attempts to darken the counsel of the detective. And, upon the whole, this new expedient of choosing a special social setting, and describing its humours and habits for their own sake, is perhaps as good a way out of the difficulty as modern conditions



# SHANHAIKWAN SHELLED AND TAKEN BY JAPANESE: NEW PHOTOGRAPHS.



RUINS OF A ONCE-PROSPEROUS CHINESE SHOP IN SHANHAIKWAN: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE BUSINESS QUARTER OF THE CITY AFTER THE JAPANESE BOMBARDMENT AND OCCUPATION.

HERE and on our front page we give further photographs, which have just come to hand, illustrating the capture of Shanhaikwan by the Japanese on January 3. These new photographs show, even more vividly than those we have previously published, the effects of the Japanese bombardment, especially on the great South Gate. Shanhaikwan, it may be recalled, is situated near the coast of the Gulf of Liaotung, at a point on the Manchurian frontier where the Great Wall of China terminates at its eastern end. The fighting that resulted in the capture of the city by the Japanese marked the beginning of events that recently developed into the grave situation concerning the adjacent province of Jehol, claimed by the Japanese as an integral part of Manchukuo (their new

*(Continued below.)*



AN INCIDENT OF THE CAPTURE OF SHANHAIKWAN: SOME MEN OF THE JAPANESE RAILWAY GUARD (ONE WITH A FLAG) COMING THROUGH THE SOUTH GATE AT THE DOUBLE.



JUST AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SHANHAIKWAN BY THE JAPANESE GUNS: THE INNER SIDE OF THE SOUTH GATE—SHOWING THE SHATTERED ROOF (SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE).



THE GREAT DAMAGE DONE BY JAPANESE SHELLS TO THE WALL AND ROOFED TOWER OF THE SOUTH GATE AT SHANHAIKWAN: A VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE, WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE INNER SIDE SHOWN ABOVE.

name for Manchuria), and by the Chinese as a part of China proper. A report of January 19 stated that Shanhaikwan, shell-torn and deserted, was then still occupied by the Japanese army, while Japanese war-ships had their guns trained on a gateway in the 2000-year-old wall. Many of the inhabitants left the city when the Japanese entered, and, as the Chinese municipal authorities had fled, a committee of citizens was formed to manage local affairs. The Manchukuo flag flew over the railway station, police offices, and other public buildings, as well as most of the shops. The post office continued to operate, and a courier service was established with the neighbouring port of Chinwangtao.





THE PRINCE OF DIARISTS AND "ALMOST CERTAINLY THE GREATEST ENGLISH ADMINISTRATOR OF HIS AGE": SAMUEL PEPYS—A PORTRAIT BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

The tercentenary of the birth of Samuel Pepys, on February 23, 1633, has just been celebrated.

Here Mr. Arthur Bryant, the famous expert on the period of Charles II., writes on Pepys the man. In a second article he will deal with Pepys the administrator.

FEBRUARY 23, 1933, marks the 300th anniversary of the birth of Samuel Pepys. No one would have been more surprised than Samuel's parents to learn that posterity would be interested in so apparently obscure an event—his father, the kindly, harmless, unsuccessful Puritan tailor; his mother, the poor butcher's sister. But Samuel himself would not have been in the least surprised. Indeed, he would have accepted it as his just due; the due that, for all the honour in which he grew to be held and the high positions he attained, his contemporaries never quite paid him. For was he not a just man in an unrighteous age, one who, as he once wrote, suffered from the apparently unpopular fault of being almost always in the right, and one—and here, despite the libels of his enemies, opinion is unanimous—who re-made, single-handed, the English Navy? Yet he died in retirement and plain Mr. Pepys. What more fitting or reconciling than that posterity should honour him! But if he had been told that the world's reason for doing so lay in the six neat shorthand volumes which, by some inexplicable oversight, he left among his books at his death, Samuel Pepys would have been a very angry man.

For over a century now Pepys's Diary has been the common heritage of educated men throughout the English-speaking world. It ranks after the Bible and Boswell's "Johnson" as among the best of bedside books. It has delighted hundreds of thousands who, knowing nothing else of the diarist, regard him as one of the immortal comedians—a Falstaff, a Gamp, a Quixote, or, rather, a Sancho Panza. Yet even now mankind has not quite realised the full value of the legacy which the little bewigged man so unknowingly bestowed on it when he left his library to his old college at Cambridge. For all the fine books he so carefully selected, arranged, and catalogued are together worth far less than those six priceless shorthand volumes, which, had he had the least fore-knowledge of their later history, he would certainly have burnt. In giving these to the world, he gave, what even the most generous of men struggle to hide from all others, his innermost soul. And Pepys's generosity, though always dignified and well displayed, was usually of a very moderated order.

Samuel Pepys was, as Coleridge said, a pollard man. His eyes, like those of nearly all of us, were generally fixed firmly on mother earth, and his head seldom mingled with the clouds. Yet, if his soul was not that of a Shakespeare or a Plato, it was none the less a full human soul, and he showed us every inch of it. And what other writer has



MRS. PEPYS AS ST. CATHARINE: AN ENGRAVING BY HOLLYER AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HALES.

On February 15, 1665, Pepys writes in his Diary: "Mr. Hales begun my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Catharine. While he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I, sang; and by and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money."

ever done that? From Jan. 1, 1660, when he was twenty-six, until May 31, 1669, when failing eyesight compelled him to lay down his pen, Pepys drew himself and the world he lived in with colours whose vividness is only equalled by the wealth of detail with which he filled his canvas. The picture is vital, inclusive, and absolutely accurate; only its vast size prevents its full glory from being realised at once. Its unflinching brilliance would be monotonous were it not so universal and many-sided. Tear out any recorded day of Pepys' Diary and you have a complete masterpiece: yet every one is different.

It is hard to say in what the magic of Pepys's art lies. It is not that he put down everything that happened or occurred to him: no man could do that and live even for a single hour. It rather lies in two circumstances: that he loved his diary or his subject so intensely that he would exclude nothing from his daily record—no consideration of business or weariness or shame could persuade him to omit an iota of what he thought essential; and that he was so perfect a selective artist that he knew without reflection what incident or mental process was needed to give his canvas the image of life. For nearly ten years he drew in unwearied detail a man as God made him, and that man himself. It is this catholic inclusiveness in material and this unerring artistry in selection that makes the diary so real. As we read it, we become the diarist, just as, when we watch "Hamlet," we become Hamlet. For Pepys, like Hamlet, is Everyman. The emotions and reactions to his contemporaries, and the phenomena of his day which he records, are the very emotions and reactions which move us and will move men as long as the world endures.

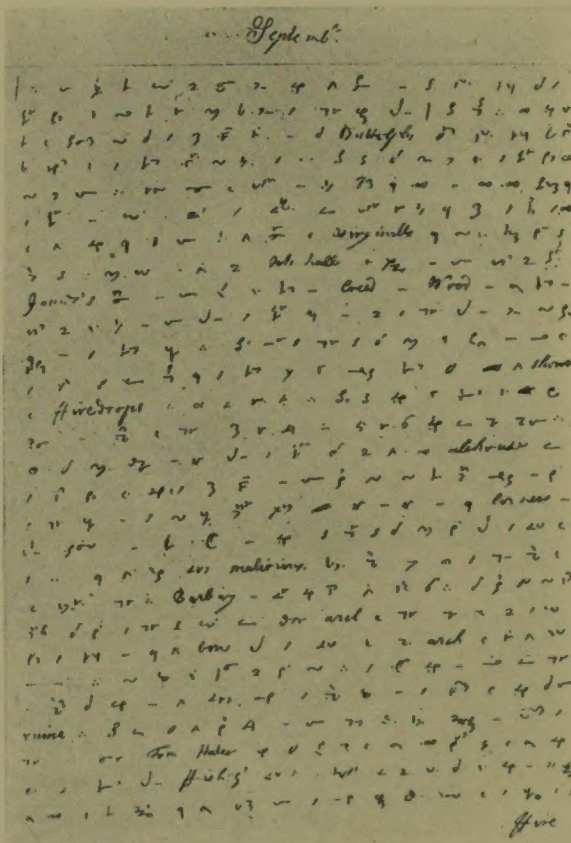
Occasionally, of course—particularly towards the end of the Diary, when overwork, strained eyes, and aching head began to limit his output—Pepys reduces his scale. Yet even the shortest entry—"All the morning at Office. At noon with Pen to Duke of York and attended Council. So to piper and Duck Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife and bought Legend. So home, coach. Sailor. Mrs. Hannan dead. News of Peace. Conning my gamut."—has the same quality in miniature as those full and detailed descriptions of little intimate things that fill the 3250 pages of the printed Diary: "About three o'clock this morning, I waked with the noise of the rain, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the cat was locked in the chamber and kept a great mewling and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while."

Here is not only all of importance that a man—and that a man of the greatest industry and the most varied occupations and enthusiasms—did for a decade of his life, but all he felt and thought, even those humiliating illogicalities and shameful little meannesses, of which other men, even though they confess their grand major sins, never breathe a word and hide from their very selves. "Home," our diarist writes with a frankness that must appal every husband, "and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed by my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf, waistcoat and night dressings in the coach to-day; though I confess she did give them me to look after." Nor was he unaware, as some have assumed, of the absurdity or pettiness of these, his manifold failings. So at a time when he was unreasonably and cruelly jealous of his wife's friendship with her dancing master, he records of one of his numerous quarrels with her—"and she and I did jangle mightily about her cushions that she wrought with worsteds the last year, which are too little for any use. . . . But one thing I must confess I do observe, which I did not before, which is, that I cannot blame my wife to be now in a worse humour than she used to be, for I am taken up in my talk with Ashwell, who is a very witty girl, that I am not so fond of her as I used and ought to be." When this man was talking to his diary, he could tell it nothing but the truth: and herein lies the alpha and omega of all great art.

The curious thing is that Pepys, who was so supreme an artist, never appeared to know it, though he was fully aware of his other assets—his industry, integrity, high administrative ability, and manifold tastes, his "liberal genius" as he once called it. He was that rare thing—

a man with the dual capacity for reflection and affairs: and, of the two, Pepys's gift for the former was greater even than his splendid talents for the latter. But in his day the outlet for a literary artist without private means was almost negligible, and so he devoted his life to the administrative career for which he was so admirably equipped. The Diary was merely a by-product of his crowded working days. He probably regarded it himself as a far less important literary work than his rather stilted "Memoires of the Navy," that fragment of that vast but unwritten naval history to whose preparation he devoted the retirement of his last years. That he had written in youth as great a masterpiece in its own way as "The Iliad" or "Don Quixote" almost certainly never entered his head. The only thing we know—and herein lies our good fortune—was that in old age he could not bring himself to destroy it, for all the discreditable and shaming revelations it contained.

That Pepys, though almost certainly the greatest English administrator of his age, never attained to the supreme position in the State that he might have expected is not very difficult of explanation. For, although, when forced to fight he could summon forces of clarity, argument, and oratory that were almost irresistible—witness his great speech before the angry Parliament



PART OF PEPYS'S DESCRIPTION (IN SHELTON'S SHORTHAND) OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON: A FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM HIS DIARY UNDER THE DATE SEPTEMBER 2, 1666.

In the third line from the top, the word written in longhand ("Buttulp's") occurs in the following sentence: "Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulp's Wharf." Lower down will be seen the word "alehouse." This passage reads: "When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow."

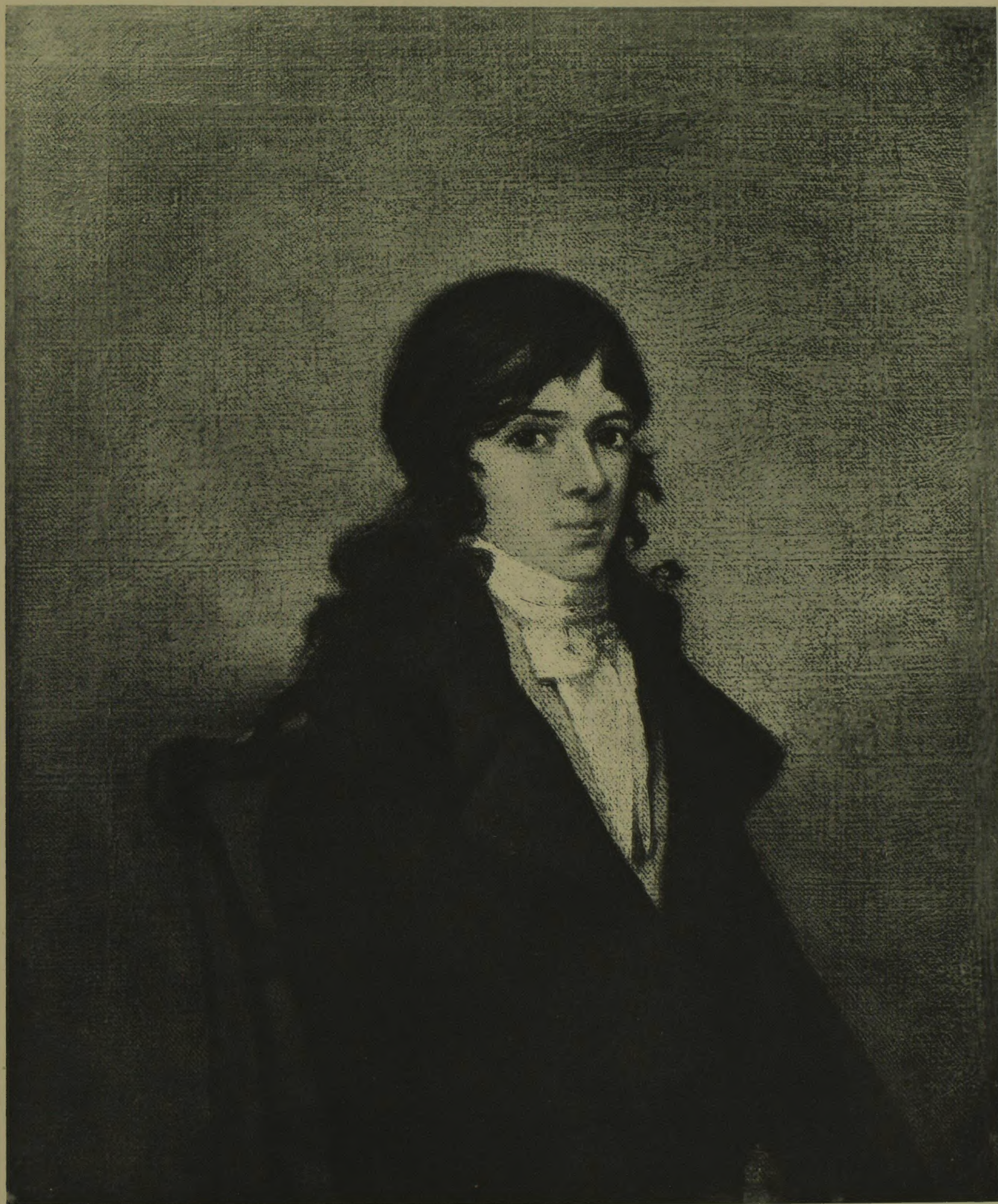
Reproduced from "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." By Courtesy of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., the Publishers.

of 1668 or, again, his utter rout of his accusers during the Popish Plot—he was inclined to weary of public controversy and of the follies of his fellow-workers far too easily. Even as a young man it was his weakness, whenever storms blew high, to incline towards the calm and unruffled pleasures of cultured retirement, rather than face willingly the rude buffets which all who aspire to active command of their fellow-men must undergo. "I do see so much," he wrote in one such time of stress, "that, were I but well possessed of what I should have in the world, I think I could willingly retreat, and trouble myself no more with it." The surface, which reflected so faithfully the most fugitive lights and shades of the world around it, was too sensitive to stand the friction of high place. Moreover, he knew it: "I do plainly see my weakness that I am not a man able to go through trouble as other men, but that I should be a miserable man if I should meet with adversity." When it came he met it with courage, but he never met it with that high-hearted joy which is the glory of a Montrose, a Cromwell, a Lincoln. So the highest, which the world he loved so well might have offered to one of his great gifts, was not for him. But of that other kingdom, which mighty artists inherit after their deaths, he has now been made partaker.



## IS IT A PORTRAIT OF BURNS AND IS IT BY RAEURN? A DISCOVERY.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. ARTHUR KAY, H.R.S.A., F.S.A., EDINBURGH.



ADVANCED AS A RAEURN PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS WHEN THE POET WAS BETWEEN EIGHTEEN AND TWENTY-ONE :  
A PICTURE, JUST BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN EDINBURGH, WHICH PROVIDES A PROBLEM FOR EXPERTS.

Sending us the photograph reproduced above, a Scottish correspondent notes : " Widespread interest has been manifested in the bringing to light of this portrait, which is believed to be by Raeburn and to show Robert Burns. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Arthur Kay, H.R.S.A., Chairman of the Scottish Modern Arts Association, who acquired it during the War period from an agent in Glasgow, who stated that it had been stored up for forty or fifty years along with a copy of the Kilmarnock Edition of Burns's poems. It measures  $16\frac{7}{8}$  inches by  $13\frac{3}{4}$  inches ; and it is on canvas made by Brown, of Holborn. Possibly it did not attract the attention that might have been expected when it was in the Glasgow agent's hands owing to its condition. The canvas showed proof of its age. It was parting from the stretcher. More serious, the paint had sunk into the fabric. Mr. Kay had the picture relined and varnished, and, without any retouching, the portrait came back to its original brilliancy. It has Raeburn characteristics. An expert opinion places it as an early example of Raeburn, between the period of his original

miniature painting and the full-size portraiture into which his art soon developed. As to the identity of the subject, there is again strong inherent evidence. The formation of the head and the modelling of nose, lips, and chin are all in accordance with the famous Skirving portrait of Burns. The eyes, also, are a notable feature. The statement has been generally accepted that Raeburn never painted a portrait of Burns. He was in Rome when Burns was on his famous Edinburgh visit. Later, he was commissioned to make a copy of the Nasmyth portrait of Burns, as to which there is a mystery, no one being able to say what has become of it. Raeburn never specifically stated that he had not painted a portrait of Burns, and it is more than likely that he must have met the poet. The theory in connection with the newly-discovered portrait is that he must have met Burns when on a visit to Ayrshire, possibly painting miniatures. The Scottish artist was only three years older than the Scottish poet. The portrait has Raeburn characteristics, but, one would say, without the maturity of the artist's later work."



# GLIDERS TAUGHT BY FALCONS AND EAGLES: REAL "FLYING ACES" AS DEMONSTRATORS

# AT AN EAST PRUSSIAN AVIATION SCHOOL.



FOUR FALCONS RELEASED SIMULTANEOUSLY: BIRDS THAT ARE CONSIDERED TO BE "FLYING ACES"; THEIR MOVEMENTS A PERFECT MODEL FOR STUDENTS OF GLIDING TO FOLLOW.



THE FLIGHT OF AN EAGLE WATCHED BY A GROUP OF GIRL GLIDING STUDENTS—SINCE BIRDS OF PREY TAKE THE UTMOST ADVANTAGE, AS THE GLIDER SHOULD, OF LIGHT AIR CURRENTS.

FALCON AND GLIDER TAKE THE AIR TOGETHER IN SIMULTANEOUS FLIGHT: AN EXPERIMENT AT THE ORTELSBURG AVIATION SCHOOL, EAST PRUSSIA, FOR COMPARING THE MOVEMENTS OF MACHINE AND BIRD.

IN our last issue we illustrated a remarkable 100-kilometre gliding flight, in which, for the first time, mails were carried in a motor-less machine. The successful accomplishment of this feat, by Herr Robert Krenfeld, the famous Austrian gliding pilot, by Herr Robert Krenfeld, the famous Austrian gliding pilot, by Herr Robert Krenfeld, the famous Austrian gliding pilot.



THE TRAINER AT THE ORTELSBURG AVIATION SCHOOL, WITH AN EAGLE ON HIS WRIST, INSTRUCTING A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST BEFORE SHE GOES UP.



FLINGING AN EAGLE INTO THE AIR: A BIRD SPECIALLY TRAINED TO RETURN ON HEARING THE FALCONER'S WHISTLE, AFTER ITS DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT.

"ace" proved, as we then said, that gliding is now not merely a sport, but has its practical uses. No doubt the future will see those uses much extended; but an immense step has already been made from the days when Lilienthal was making his first experiments on the flight of birds. This great advance is mainly due to the patient study that has been made during recent years on the Continent, particularly in Germany, of the science of motor-less flight, and to the enthusiasm with which young Germans have taken up the sport. Our photographs illustrate an aviation school in Masureland, East Prussia—the scene of Hindenburg's victories against Russia in the War—where specially trained falcons and eagles are used for demonstration purposes. The birds of prey, normally the wildest of creatures, are tamed and taught to follow the glider when released, returning to the falconer's hand when they hear his sharp whistle. Not only is the structure of their wings the basis on which gliding machines are built, but also

(Continued below on right.)



A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING BIRDS USED FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES AT ORTELSBURG: AN EAGLE AND FOUR HOODED FALCONS RESTING ON A GLIDER.



COMBINING THE STUDY OF THE PRINCIPLES OF GLIDING WITH THAT OF NATURAL HISTORY: A TRAINED EAGLE "MODEL," DOILE DURING THE LESSON.

their movements are so perfectly adapted to taking advantage of the lightest air currents, instead of creating their own momentum and "lift," that observation of the birds is of a double value to students of the principles of gliding. It is not without interest to add that similar principles underlie another art akin to gliding—that of boat-sailing; and to draw attention to the bottom right-hand photograph, which shows the shape of the eagle's wing, so like the modern Bermudian rig. Recent experiments, particularly in Germany, have evolved a type of sail, for small boats, almost identical in shape with a bird's wing.



THE SHAPE, HEIGHT, AND WIDTH OF THE EAGLE'S SPREAD WINGS TAKEN AS THE TEXT FOR GLIDING LESSONS: STUDENTS OF AN ART WHICH IS FOUNDED ON THE NATURAL MOVEMENTS OF SOARING BIRDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DORIS LERCH-HEIN.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR those of us who are debarred, by lack of leisure or the wherewithal, from the delights of cruising in foreign climes, there remains the homeland, with its inexhaustible treasures for the lover of nature and the countryside; of old-world towns and villages and ancient buildings, and of life in its infinite variety. It has long been a dream of mine to go hiking all round the British coasts, or criss-cross from shore to shore, and—

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,

until I became familiar with the whole of our island landscape. That dream has never been realised, and probably never will be, but I can look back on a good many holiday tramps which filled-in here and there certain minute sections of the itinerary. It is pleasant to re-live these wanderings through topographical books.

One of the rustivating Londoner's happiest and nearest hunting-grounds is the region of the Chilterns. A famous part thereof is charmingly pictured, and ably championed against the hand of the spoiler, in "THE PENN COUNTRY OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE." With sixty-two illustrations. Published for the "Penn Country" branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England (Evans Brothers; 5s.). Besides recalling memories of visits to Jordans, Stoke Poges, and Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, this pious work of anti-vandalism reminds me that I once had myself a modest stake in the Penn country. It took the form of a room in a cottage at Chalfont St. Peter, where during the war I stored some precious books and manuscripts, thinking they would be more "out of bombs' way" there than at home with me in central London. Moreover, it was at Slough—not perhaps one of the county beauty spots (as Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis here points out)—that, one fine day in the 'nineties, I resigned the status of "a single gentleman." Thus, in commending this excellent publication, I can claim to write, in some sort, as a Penn man with personal associations.

This book is primarily an effort of propaganda, and a labour of love on the part of all concerned, including the publishers, as the proceeds from the sale are to be devoted to the work of the aforesaid council. It is none the less a valuable addition to the literature of locality. Eminent hands have contributed to its making. The Prime Minister, from his pleasant official seat at Chequers, within the volume's territorial limits, bestows a prefatory blessing. Among the fourteen essayists are the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher (on The Beauty of England), Major Coningsby Disraeli (on Hughenden and Disraeli), Mr. A. F. Fremantle (on The Poets of the Penn Country—Milton, Waller, and Gray), and Dr. George Morgan (on Pennsylvania). "This last essay; and indeed the whole book, will make a strong appeal to American as well as British readers. The beauty of the land and its monuments is exemplified in many admirable photographs, while a few reveal the horrors of modern "development." On this basic point, in a vigorous introduction, Mr. G. K. Chesterton delivers hammer-blows of scorn. "If," he says, "there were still growing an oak sacred to the Druids, or a market-cross carved with the signatures of the Crusaders, it would be to these innovators merely an obstacle. . . . England, especially this southern part of England, is very near to being the earthly Paradise. . . . Anybody who defaces it might just as well be wrecking the Parthenon or slashing across the pictures of Titian and Velasquez."

I cannot claim the same personal interest in a massive tome issued under the auspices of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (England), entitled "AN INVENTORY OF THE HISTORICAL MONUMENTS IN HEREFORDSHIRE." Vol. II., East. With Frontispiece, 190 Plates, a Map, and Plans (H.M. Stationery Office; 30s. net, postage extra). The book can be obtained at the Stationery Office or through any bookseller. It is a worthy addition to the great series of official volumes recording the architectural and art treasures of our land. The lavish scale of illustration (most of the plates including several photographs), and the first-rate quality of reproduction, provide a feast for the local antiquary or for the student of architecture, domestic or ecclesiastical, and all that goes therewith in the ancillary arts and crafts. The principal towns included are Ledbury and Ross-on-Wye, besides numerous villages and country houses and beautiful old timbered buildings. Churches in the district are rich in mediæval effigies. The place-names are enchanting in their quaintness and

beauty. How jolly it would be to dwell, for instance, at Edvin Loach or Tedstone Wafer or Little Marcle!

On one of my hikes a few years ago, I made pilgrimage with a friend to Winchester. Having duly inspected the Cathedral, we proceeded to the historic school, and had not gone far within its precincts when we found ourselves in conversation with a courteous stranger, who proved to be the Headmaster. We thus enjoyed the unexpected privilege of the best advice on what to see. I am reminded of that happy incident by a portfolio of beautifully reproduced photographs, with an introductory essay, entitled "MEDIÆVAL SCULPTURES AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE." Photography by Sydney Pitcher, F.P.S., Letterpress by Herbert Chitty, F.S.A., Keeper of the Archives. With forty-seven Plates comprising 123 Photographs. Published for the Warden and Fellows (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 21s.). The main scheme of this photographic survey was to obtain a permanent record of the many perishable stone carvings with which the buildings were adorned when originally erected in the fourteenth century. The most beautiful and interesting example is the statue of the Virgin and Child in the tower over Outer Gate, well described as "one of the master-



AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JOHN WESLEY UNVEILED AT BRISTOL, OUTSIDE THE OLDEST METHODIST CHURCH IN THE WORLD: THE SCENE AFTER THE CEREMONY—SHOWING (JUST TO LEFT OF THE STATUE) THE PREACHERS' STABLE USED BY WESLEY FOR HIS HORSE.

A life-size bronze equestrian statue of John Wesley (1703-91) was unveiled at Bristol on February 16 by the donor, Mr. Edmund Sykes Lamplough, in front of the oldest Methodist church in the world, called by Wesley "the New Room in the Horsefair." The small building with a tiled roof, adjoining the church, was used by Wesley for stabling his horse, and bears over its door the words "Preachers' Stable." It was here that Wesley preached his first open-air sermon in this country, on April 2, 1739, and during the following month he laid the foundation stone of the church. The unveiling of the new memorial was attended by Dr. J. Scott Lidgett, President of the Methodist Church, Sir Robert W. Perks, and the Rev. Luke Wiseman. The statue is the work of Mr. A. G. Walker, A.R.A., sculptor of the monument to Florence Nightingale. Wesley is fittingly represented on horseback, for the great peripatetic evangelist spent much of his life in the saddle travelling from place to place. He generally rode forty or fifty miles a day, and rarely preached less than thrice a day and often as many as five times. "His journal of missionary travel," says the "Dictionary of National Biography," "would serve as a guide-book to the British Isles and is replete with romantic incident."

pieces of mediæval sculpture." The plates also show ancient tapestries and wood-carvings.

Some towns are more romantic than their names. For many years, in my ignorance, I thought of Hitchin merely as a station on the line to Cambridge, until I came to realise, through a particularly fine work of local history (reviewed here at the time), that it has a very interesting past. Its historian has now added to his native town's annals a volume of local biographies entitled "HITCHIN WORTHIES: FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LIFE." By Reginald L. Hine, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S. With 121 illustrations (including some in colour) (George Allen and Unwin; 16s.). Like the historical record, this book orms a contribution to the general chronicles of English social life during the period covered. Among the twenty-eight lives, the most interesting are, I think, those of George Chapman (1559 to 1634), the translator of Homer; Sir Henry Bessemer (1813-98), the great metallurgist and inventor, after whom are named thirteen towns and one county in America; and Sir Henry Hawkins (1817 to 1907), the famous judge once known to the criminal world as "anging 'Awkins."

Chapman is believed by some to be the original of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost." He probably owes the perpetuation of his fame to-day, except among readers of the classics, to that familiar sonnet in which Keats incorrectly ascribes the first sight of the Pacific to "stout Cortez," instead of Vasco Nunez de Balboa. Other poets and critics, such as Waller, Lamb, Swinburne, and the late Professor Saintsbury, who also heard Chapman "speak out loud and bold," here support Keats with their testimony. Chapman died in London, and the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields contains a monument, designed by his friend Inigo Jones, to this "Christian Philosopher and Homerical Poet." Mr. Hine suggests that he might fittingly be "translated" into Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey "to lie beside his bosom friend Ben Jonson." I fancy that the Dean might demur, being more concerned at present to banish bygone worthies than to enrol fresh recruits to their ranks.

Ideals of beauty in rural domestic architecture and horticulture, mostly on the grand scale, but including humbler types, are beautifully and abundantly pictured in "HOMES AND GARDENS OF ENGLAND." By Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. With Foreword by Lord Conway of Allington, Coloured Frontispiece, 175 Photographs, Line Drawings, and Map (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). This attractive book, which is not too technical, and has a readable "running commentary," besides notes, aims at illustrating representative designs of each period. Lord Conway touches on problems of "rural preservation" in a hopeful spirit. Thus, he welcomes the multiplication of small gardens for new cottages as "one of the most civilising influences of our time."

As a potential vagrant I have no hope of competing, either in extent or rapidity, with the author of "THIS UNKNOWN ISLAND." By S. P. B. Mais. Illustrated (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). Here the author has collected in book form his popular wireless talks conveying impressions of various parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, gathered during lightning visits commissioned by the B.B.C. In these travels he covered 15,000 miles. The talks are given just as he delivered them through the microphone, with added extracts from numerous letters from correspondents supplementing or correcting his statements. He is quite candid in printing corrections, remarking casually: "I am very likely to make mistakes." They were doubtless due to the hustling conditions in which he had to work, which I think were unfortunate, for it is surely undesirable to broadcast inaccuracies to millions of listeners. Otherwise the talks make exceedingly good reading and it is easy to understand their popularity.

There are three places among those described by Mr. Mais with which I can claim acquaintance—Tintagel, Glastonbury, and Lyme Regis. At the last-named he observes: "I chose the Three Cups Hotel, for no better reason than that I had once seen Mr. G. K. Chesterton sitting in the porch." It seems to me a perfectly good reason, and doubtless readers of "Our Notebook" will concur. In the chapter on Cornwall, Mr. Mais incorporates in his prose text, without quotation marks, some lines from Hawker's "Quest of the Sangraal."

In making similar use of the couplet—

From Padstow Point to Lundy Light  
Is a watery grave by day or night,

Mr. Mais has inadvertently altered "Lundy" to "Hartland." Hawker's Trelawny ballad, appended to this chapter, duly bears its author's signature. I notice also in a description of Hadrian's Wall in the talk on Northumberland, an allusion to "The Glory that was Rome." Poe, of course, gave the "glory" to Greece, and to Rome "grandeur."

Two other votive offerings to the spirit of place must be noted very briefly—"CHESHIRE." Traditions and History. By T. A. Coward. With twenty-four illustrations and End-paper Map (Methuen; 8s. 6d.); and "SUSSEX GEOLOGY" and Other Essays. By Edward A. Martin. Illustrated (Archer and Co., 35, Avondale Square, S.E.1; 6s.). Mr. Coward mentions a curious legend about an image of the Virgin in Hawarden Church. In the year 946, this image fell and killed the châtelaine of Hawarden Castle. It was then tried for murder and condemned to execution! What would Mr. Gladstone have said in 946?

C. E. B.





THE CHARM OF MAJORCA DEPICTED BY CECIL ALDIN: A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED FONDA (HOTEL) AT POLLENSA PUERTO, A SUMMER RESORT ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND.



IN POLLENSA BAY: A DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN SHOWING COAST SCENERY IN MAJORCA, WHERE "THE SEA IS ALWAYS THAT BEAUTIFUL DEEP BLUE WHICH ONLY THE MEDITERRANEAN CAN PRODUCE."

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous animal painter, whose studies of dogs, in particular, are so well known to readers of "The Illustrated London News" and of the "Sketch," here reveals another phase of his delightful art, and shows himself equally felicitous in landscape and the portrayal of picturesque

old-world buildings. Two further examples appear on the next page, with an article from his pen describing Majorca, which provided the subjects of all the four pictures we have reproduced. They will, if we mistake not, tempt many of our readers to make holiday in the Balearic Islands.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY CECIL ALDIN. (SEE ALSO THE SUCCEEDING PAGE.)



## With Cecil Aldin in Majorca: The Romance of Old-World Buildings.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY CECIL ALDIN. (SEE ALSO THE PRECEDING PAGE.)

"THERE are no casinos in Majorca," writes Mr. Cecil Aldin, "which was the chief reason why I went to it. I had had a surfeit of casinos and I wanted sunshine without gold paint and glitter. I looked up the Balearic Islands in various guide-books, and found that Majorca was about the size of Cornwall and that the Mallorcines made boots and bred mules. This did not sound very promising. I did not want to sketch shoes or mules, but, in the end, I fell for the sunshine. When I arrived I found Palma a town which appealed most forcibly to artists, and the same might be said of the whole island. The narrow *calles* of Palma fascinated me—those sun-and-shadow streets where many of the Mallorcine aristocrats lived. One can see museums, cathedrals, monuments, and picture galleries in any Continental town, but the narrow Almudaina, the Park Lane of the capital of Majorca, and similar *calles* enthralled me. I wandered about all day long in the old town's twisting alley-ways, some of which go back to the times of the Romans and the Moors. Palma City is chiefly a winter resort for sun and bathing. Many of the best hotels are outside the town at El Terreno and look across the beautiful bay. In the summer season we go to Pollensa Puerto, on the northern side of the island, about twenty miles from Palma and five miles past the old Moorish town of Pollensa itself. Here we can sun-bathe, sea-bathe, sail, picnic, and play tennis all day long, for the climate, although the sun is hot, is invigorating and not relaxing. There is always a breeze, with none of the oppressive overhead heat of a hot day in England. You live in bathing-dress and beach-pyjamas. If you want a luxury hotel, you go to the Formentor caravanserai three miles away, with its golf and tennis and sandy beach; but Pollensa Bay is dotted with smaller hotels where you can live well at very comfortable rates. Quite a colony of English and American residents live in Majorca, both at Palma and Pollensa; but both places are very cosmopolitan, and you hear, besides Spanish, American, French, German, Danish, spoken all around you. For children, Pollensa Puerto, Formentor Bay, and San Vicente are ideal. There is practically no tide, the silver sand shelves gradually away, and the sea is always that



A STREET (*CALLE*) IN POLLENSA: PART OF AN OLD MOORISH TOWN THAT GIVES ITS NAME TO THE BAY ILLUSTRATED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE.



MARKET STEPS OPPOSITE THE GRAND HOTEL AT PALMA: A STREET SCENE, WITH TYPICAL INHABITANTS, IN THE CAPITAL OF MAJORCA.

beautiful deep blue which only the Mediterranean can produce. The little bay of Caletas, a favourite picnic place, is opposite Formentor, on the Alcudia side of the Bay. Here you can collect coral in clear, shallow water, or explore narrow foot-tracks through the surrounding wood, which grows right down to the beach. It reminds you more of a desert island in the Pacific than a hidden cove in the Mediterranean. No habitation of any sort can be seen. For a few pesetas a little motor fishing-boat takes you across the Bay for the day, and while the boatmen sleep in the sun you can roam about and have your picnic. In England the success of a picnic depends so much on the weather: in Majorca we do not even trouble to listen to the wireless forecast, for we know that we shall always have warm sun for any outdoor party we may arrange ahead. There are many ways of reaching Majorca from England. First we have the usual Channel crossing and train to Paris, where we can catch the night express to Barcelona, leaving Barcelona the following day on the nightly boat and arriving in Palma Bay at seven o'clock the next morning. The next route is by air to Marseilles or Barcelona; but if we leave the aeroplane at Marseilles we have to catch the boat (Fridays only) to Palma, which takes nearly twenty-four hours. The most enjoyable way is to take your car from Southampton to Havre, loiter across France, through Rouen, Chartres, Toulouse, Carcassonne, to Barcelona, and there put it on the Majorca boat at nine o'clock in the evening of your arrival. The fourth way is the most direct, and involves the least trouble with Customs. Once a month a very comfortable German line boat sails from Southampton to Palma, sometimes calling at Lisbon, Ceuta, Malaga, for a few hours en route. It takes six or seven days for the sea voyage, but you can thus combine the pleasures of a delightful cruise with your summer holiday. If your visit is in the summer you stay at Pollensa Puerto, but if in the winter at El Terreno; in the former case at the end of your voyage you have a drive, from Palma to Pollensa Puerto, of some twenty miles in a country where everything is new to you. Then, when you arrive at your hotel, you have a certainty of fine sunny weather for the whole of your stay."



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A LIMOGES ENAMEL CROSS.

This processional cross represents the better work of the Limoges school of enamelled copper ware during the period of its greatest prosperity, the thirteenth century. It is unusually complete, although the demi-figures of St. John and the Virgin are missing, and neither the binding of the edge nor the socket is earlier than the sixteenth century.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIAL AT GIBRALTAR: A MONUMENT ERECTED NEAR THE WATER PORT.

This fine and simple memorial, which is nearing completion at Gibraltar, bears the words: "Erected by the United States of America to commemorate the achievements and comradeship of the American and British Navies in this vicinity during the World War." An American squadron is to attend the unveiling ceremony, which, we are informed, will take place early this year.



THE SAVOY CHAPEL'S "MADONNA AND CHILD"—IDENTIFIED AND IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This picture, until lately in an obscure corner of the Savoy Chapel, has just been identified as a fine example of one of Giotto's disciples, "The Master of the Infancy." It has been lent to the National Gallery for one month from February 21. It was possibly bought by Chaucer.—[Reproduced by Permission of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.]



THE DEPARTURE OF THE HOUSTON EVEREST EXPEDITION: THE LEADER, AIR-COMMODORE FELLOWES (CENTRE); LORD CLYDESDALE, CHIEF PILOT, ON HIS LEFT.

Most of the members of the Houston Mount Everest Flight Expedition left Heston on February 16 on the first stage of their journey to India. The three aeroplanes flew southwards in flight formation. Air-Commodore Fellowes (accompanied by his wife) led the flight in a Puss Moth cabin aeroplane; Squadron-Leader Lord Clydesdale piloted the Fox Moth; and Flight-Lieut. D. F. MacIntyre, the second pilot, flew Lord Clydesdale's Gipsy Three Moth.



A GREAT AND RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AMERICA: MR. J. A. MOLLISON AFTER LANDING AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

Mr. J. A. Mollison landed at Natal, Brazil, on February 9, having flown from Lympe in a little over three days and ten hours. The final stage, from Thies, Senegal, across the South Atlantic, was flown in 17 hours 40 minutes. The flight broke the French record of four-and-a-half days from Europe to South America. The airman went on to Rio de Janeiro the following day. He used the "Heart's Content," in which he crossed the North Atlantic last year.



NELSON RELICS TO BE SOLD; INCLUDING A TELESCOPE PRESENTED TO THE MIDSHIPMAN WHO SHOT DOWN THE SWISS WHO SNIPED THE ADMIRAL AT TRAFALGAR.

A sale of Nelson relics is due to take place at Christie's next Tuesday, February 28. The objects to be sold include a folder, a bag which belonged to Lady Hamilton, a pair of pistols, a rum barrel from the "Victory," and a telescope presented to Midshipman Pollard by his brother-officers of the "Victory" for shooting down the Swiss sharpshooter who mortally wounded Nelson at Trafalgar. Nelson was shot at 1.20 p.m.; Pollard killed the Swiss ten minutes later.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE TOC H LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LIGHTING ONE OF THE LAMPS.

On the evening of February 18 the Duchess of York was present as patroness at the fifth annual festival of the Toc H League of Women, held in the Kingsway Hall. Her Royal Highness lighted the lamps, both old and new, from the Prince's Lamp. The new lamps, for new branches of the League, were seventeen in number, and were borne in procession after the old. The Duchess was welcomed on arrival by the Duchess of Devonshire.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"14 JUILLET."

THE brilliant French director, M. René Clair, is a man of many moods and, possibly, a sentimentalist at heart. In "Le Million" and "A nous la Liberté" he gave rein to his satirical humour, his fantastic inspiration, and that audacity of imagination that gives to his work its supremely individual stamp. He proved himself an experimentalist, seeking new forms of kinematic expression, finding a pictorial fluency and rhythm which, especially in "Le Million," swept the onlooker off his feet in a wave of exhilaration. Yet he himself—or so it was once reported—professed a predilection for the first of his talking-pictures, "Sous les Toits de Paris." From his fourth and latest production we may infer that report spoke truly. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours"! M. Clair's "14 Juillet" returns not only in subject-matter and in setting, but also in feeling, to the narrow streets, the jostling roof-tops, the unostentatious romance, and more leisurely pace of his Montmartre masterpiece. His nostalgia for a *milieu* that he knows so well and brings to the screen with such perfect artistry has prompted him to choose a theme—the simple love-story of a taxi-driver and a flower-seller—that permits him to wander through narrow alley-ways, past little cafés, along the sun-splashed or rain-swept pavements at his own sweet will, pausing to pick up a bit of comedy here, a bit of gossip there, a sudden surge of drama, or, by way of variety, a tit-bit of truly Parisian *blague*.

As is the way with sentimental journeys, the pace is inclined to waver. Our guide may call a halt to savour a particularly delicious memory when a greater urgency might serve his dramatic purpose better. Thus there results a series of cameos of life in a humble *quartier*, strung together by the romance of two young people, rather than a piece of romantic drama moving

gossiping *concierges*, all agog for a morsel of scandal; the bourgeois family, marshalled on its holiday outings by a bearded *père de famille* with the precision of a drill-sergeant; the burly taxi-driver, with his flow of picturesque language and his absurd little dog; the crowd of happy youngsters twittering up and down the alley steps like a flock of city sparrows—sketches from an artist's notebook one and all of them, vivid, lively, and, to those who know their Paris well, as germane to its streets as the stones beneath their feet. Nor can all these collateral figures be dismissed as irrelevant to the actual story, since it is obviously M. Clair's purpose to trace the thread of romance as it weaves through the chance encounters of a day's work. Even the eccentric old reveller who sees an amiably distorted world through the rosy spectacles of continual libations, and behaves accordingly, has a hand in the romance of Anna and Jean, delicately established by a furtive glance or two from window to window, fostered at the fête of the national holiday, and callously broken by the reappearance of Jean's former flame. Anna loses her job, Jean throws up his. The world jogs on. A slab of melodrama, the weakest part of the picture, brings Jean back in the company of a couple of crooks to the café where Anna has found work, and transforms the young man from a half-hearted thief into the whole-hearted protector of his sweetheart. The finale finds M. Clair once more in his happiest vein, bringing the lovers together with a charming fragment of unforeseen comedy, a prelude to reconciliation.

Pictorially, the picture has all the haunting charm of its predecessors.

There is something about M. Clair's vision of chimney-stacks and modestly curtained windows, of striped café-awnings and humble homes, that discovers

exuberance, to say nothing of the pitfalls presented by the wholly English atmosphere and settings essential to the production. Even the publicity given to the careful casting; the steady influx of British artists to Hollywood; the zeal displayed in collecting a quartette of English children for the earlier chapters of the epic story; and, finally, the unanimous praise of the American Press, could not entirely stifle apprehension. The arrival of "Cavalcade" at the Tivoli sets all fears at rest. Under Mr. Frank Lloyd's magnificent direction, the drama emerges intact; its human qualities—those qualities that swept a first-night audience into an amazing manifestation of enthusiasm—have suffered no loss of power through the widening of stage horizons. Mr. Lloyd's enlargements are discreet and dignified. Though he has seized his opportunities for big effects, as in the embarkation of the troops during the Boer War, the crowd scene on New Year's Eve, and in the frenzy of relief on Armistice night—though he has driven home the horror of war and the message of an unbinged world, he has not overstepped the limits of pictorial realism. He preserves, on more than one occasion, the poignancy of disaster by the suggestion of tragedy rather than by its amplification. Moreover, there is a distinct gain in the fluent, uninterrupted march of history, with its repercussions on the Marryot household and the fluctuating fortunes of its inmates. Against a background of London which, with

one or two minor flaws, carries complete conviction, the chronicle of the years rolls on, touching the heights and depths of joy and sorrow, with loyalty and steady courage to light a candle even in the bitterness of futile war and its aftermath.

Mr. Lloyd's appreciation of our national outlook has not only kept the balance in a production of monumental outline, but enables the English players to realise their various characterisations with a fine sincerity. Miss Diana Wynyard had a hard task in following in the footsteps of Miss Mary Clare. She proves herself equal to it. Hers is a beautiful performance, full of light and shade, and

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS" ON THE STAGE: SUSIE DEAN (JESSIE MATTHEWS), THE SOUBRETTE OF THE CONCERT PARTY, AND INIGO (JOHN GIELGUD).

beauty in the commonplace without detriment to reality. He invents no fictitious glamour, but he lets the sunshine in. The adorable Annabella plays the flower-seller with an elusive, wistful tenderness. To see her running with the children, swift of foot, long-limbed, and with a natural grace of movement, is a sheer joy. She has, too, a restraint that in her emotional moments is very moving. M. Georges Rigaud, a newcomer, provides her with an excellent foil as the headstrong, masterful Jean. M. Raymond Cordy, the embodiment of all French taxi-drivers; M. Paul Olivier, genially carrying his characterisation of the old *viveur* to the outskirts of caricature; and Mlle. Pola Illery as a lady who pursues her profession with the air of a naughty child, are prominent in a company whereof each member is a valuable asset to an enchanting piece of work.

## "CAVALCADE."

When Mr. Noel Coward's famous play was secured by Hollywood, the news engendered the usual amount of speculation as to the results, speculation acidulated, it may be, by regrets that our own studios had lost the chance of bringing a drama so eminently fitted for kinematic treatment to the screen. The very magnitude and scope of Mr. Coward's panorama of events during three decades of the twentieth century seemed calculated to tempt the American film-makers into pictorial

carried out with unfaltering poise. Miss Irene Browne repeats her incisive, well-graduated portrayal of lifelong friendship. Mr. Clive Brook's sincere and manly interpretation of Robert Marryot will rank with his best work. Miss Una O'Connor, a shade too sharp-edged, sustains her original part, with Mr. Herbert Mundin in a perfect little study of *dégringolade* as her Cockney husband. Mr. Frank Lawton's bright portrait of eager youth falls crisply into place; and Miss Ursula Jeans, as the little dancer risen from lighthearted pirouetting in the back-parlour to vaudeville fame, radiant in her first conquests of stage and lover, burns like a cold flame through the chaos of the climax. Here, then, is a picture, strongly planned and realised, in which it is possible to pick holes, but which, in its cumulative effect, is an impressive and memorable achievement.

EDMUND GWENN AS JESS OAKROYD AFTER LEAVING HIS HOME AND BOARDING A PASSING LORRY—THE ACTION WHICH UTTERLY CHANGED HIS HITHERTO HUMDRUM LIFE.



"THE GOOD COMPANIONS," THE GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE AT WHOSE INITIAL GALA PERFORMANCE THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE ARRANGED TO BE PRESENT: JOHN GIELGUD AS INIGO JOLLIFANT.

Their Majesties the King and Queen have arranged to be present at a Gala Performance of the film of "The Good Companions," which is to be held in aid of the Personal Service League at the New Victoria Cinema on February 28. The film is, of course, based on Mr. J. B. Priestley's famous novel; while the play of "The Good Companions" recently enjoyed a long and successful run in London.



A SCENE THAT IS A STRANGE BLEND OF FRIVOLITY AND PATHOS: "THE GOOD COMPANIONS" SURVEY THE WRECK OF THEIR STAGE AFTER THE RIOT AT THE GATFORD THEATRE.

solidly forward in a steady *crescendo* to its appointed climax. Personally, I have no quarrel with M. Clair on that score. I found myself happily content to dally with him and to suit my mental steps to his. And that not because I too am a sentimentalist at heart (though few would dare deny the soft impeachment!), but because the various types transferred to M. Clair's canvas are culled from life itself. His whimsical humour may, and does, supply an edge of extravagant colour to his studies, but *au fond* their lines are true, incisive, and racy. The



LARWOOD'S LEG-THEORY ANALYSED BY THE MOVING-PICTURE CAMERA.

By Courtesy of British Movietonews, Ltd.



WOODFULL STRUCK OVER THE HEART BY A BALL FROM LARWOOD.



LARWOOD BOWLING: HIS LONG RUN AND BEAUTIFUL ACTION.

Each Row of Pictures Should be "Read" from Top to Bottom.



OLDFIELD, THE AUSTRALIAN WICKET-KEEPER, HIT ON THE HEAD BY A BALL FROM LARWOOD.

These exceptionally interesting sequences from a British Movietonews film showing certain incidents in the third Test Match at Adelaide vividly illustrate a topic which has been hotly debated wherever cricket enthusiasts are gathered together. The middle strip shows Larwood bowling—the man who, with his captain, D. R. Jardine, must take chief credit for England's success in the struggle for the Ashes, a success assured by the six-wicket victory at Brisbane. In the four Test Matches which decided the rubber he took 28 wickets, ten more than any other English bowler, for 502 runs—an average of 17·02. The left-hand strip

shows the ball that hurt Woodfull during Australia's first innings. Woodfull attempts to play it squarely, but misses the ball, drops his bat, and doubles up. The right-hand strip again shows a ball from Larwood, this time to Oldfield. The ball, though bowled to a leg field, is a straight ball, as mentioned in our last issue; but Oldfield comes across, and in trying to hook it deflects it on to his head. Larwood was bowling very fast at the time, too fast for the "movie" camera to pick out the ball. These two unfortunate accidents did much to bring about Australia's official protest to the M.C.C.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## BLACK-HEADED GULLS ON THE THAMES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I MAKE no claim to having made a great discovery when I say that London is a wonderful city, full of splendours and precious records expressing modes of thought and craftsmanship extending back into the mists of time. These things give me a thrill of pleasure when, from time to time, circumstances, so to speak, force me to take note of them. But always the ever-changing life of the countryside

ways. The formation of this pigmentation of the feathers of the head is one of them. Why should it be confined to this area of the body? Why is it confined only to certain species of gulls, and why does it differ among these in its degree of intensity, so that in some the head is really black, as in the Mediterranean black-headed gull, shown in the adjoining photograph? All we can say of this pigmentation at present is that it is associated with certain secretions of the sexual organs, known as "hormones," and formed in equal amount in both sexes. We call this dark pigment a "melanin" pigment—a "waste product" derived from the blood. What really is the nature of that something which slowly finds its way into the blood, and records its presence only in the feathers of the head? And we have yet to discover why it is that some start this "wedding dress" so much sooner than others.

And, again, we have yet to find why this pigmentation should be so vastly intensified, as well as more varied in its expression, in some others of the plover tribe, to which the gulls

really belong. Take the knot, for example, wherein the whole of the under-parts change in this "nuptial plumage" from white to chestnut-red, while the back changes from ash-grey to an almost indescribable blending of black, chestnut, and pale brown. Some day physiologists may be able to distill this mysterious something from the tissue which secretes it. Again we have to ask, why is it that in some species of birds the male alone displays a "nuptial dress," and why this, again, has become, as in the pheasant, a permanent dress.

There are many interesting aspects of this problem, which is capable at least of partial explanation; but these, for the moment, must be left, because I want to say something of the immature coloration of the black-headed gull; that is to say, of the "fledgling."

This very few people ever see, for it is worn only for a very brief period, disappearing before the dispersal of the colony from the breeding-ground. An indication only of its salient features is apparent in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1), because it lacks colour. It must suffice to describe this plumage in general terms, and to

parents, they have assumed a new and conspicuously different dress. They are, indeed, not unlike their parents; but the pearl-grey of the wing-coverts is varied by brown feathers paler than those of the juvenile dress, while the tail bears across its tip a broad black bar, whereby we may readily distinguish adult from immature birds during the winter months. And there is another interesting difference between them. For the adults have crimson beak and legs, while in the young birds these are of a dull brownish hue.

Let us now turn to the nearly related Mediterranean black-headed gull, a rare visitant to our shores—wanderers from the eastern Mediterranean and Black Sea. Herein the head is really black, and, moreover, this "hood" is more extensive than in our bird. Of its fledgling state, nothing, I believe, is known; at least, at the moment I can lay my hand

on no record of it. But this bird presents another interesting contrast with the black-headed gull. For in the adult the primary flight-feathers are white. In the juvenile, however, they are of a blackish-brown with more or less white on the inner side of the feathers. And this white area is increased in the sub-adult bird till only a black bar near the tips of the feathers remains, as in the accompanying photograph. Why is there no concentration of black pigment in these feathers in the adult?

Regarded as so many "facts," these details are interesting only in so far as they aid us in distinguishing the one species from the other. But directly we come to the endeavour to discover why they differ, then we open up a wide field of enquiry which, as yet, is unexplored. Neither the food nor climatic influences, probably, are agents in the consummation of these specific differences. Rather they seem to be due to what, for want of a more tangible explanation, we may call a natural "diathesis"—a subtle something in their physiological constitution which expresses itself in these different fashions of depositing pigment, as well as in its intensity.

There is yet time for the busy Londoner to see something of these changes, and, before his observations are ended by the departure of the host to their summer quarters, most of the birds will have become "black-headed."



1. THE BLACK-HEADED GULL IN ITS "FLEDGLING" DRESS: AN "UNTIDY" LOOKING BIRD, OWING TO THE DISINTEGRATED DOWN FEATHERS OF THE NESTLING THAT REMAIN ADHERING TO THE TIPS OF THE FEATHERS WHICH HAVE PUSHED THEM OUT. The general effect of the coloration is here dark brown, though some of the feathers show more or less pearl-grey. The breast is tinged with pale brown, while the tail has a broad black bar crossing its tip.

means more to me. And presently it will be possible for me to make my habitation there for the rest of my days, instead of having to content myself with fleeting visits of uncertain duration.

Even in London, however, there are endless opportunities of keeping in touch with Nature. Every morning, as I cross the Thames, there are black-headed gulls to greet me. And for some time past they have been growing daily more interesting. During the winter months the crowds who watch and feed them along the Embankment every day must often be puzzled when they hear them called "black-headed" gulls—for, save to those who have some knowledge of birds, they are just "gulls." And well they may marvel, for there seems to be no justification for such a name, their heads being white, save for a dark spot on each side of the head behind the eye.

I have been watching that spot, for it is the centre of a strange transformation, and one concerning which even the wisest of us has still much to learn. There may be a hundred birds flying round to partake of the feast being provided for them, and, if one starts taking notes soon after Christmas has turned, one is almost sure to see one or two birds wherein this spot is distinctly larger. And as the days lengthen, more and more birds show evidence of this incipient pigmentation, till at last, before they finally leave us for their breeding quarters, most of them will have nearly, and some of them quite, become "black-headed." Yet one wonders why this term came to be used, for it is not black, but of a sooty-brown hue. But this by the way.

It is a curious transformation, and the more one concentrates attention on it, the more interesting it becomes. For it is a sign of an internal "ferment" which we can only partly explain. It is the outward and visible sign of the reawakening of the reproductive activities, and these manifest themselves in many



3. THE MEDITERRANEAN BLACK-HEADED GULL (*LARUS MELANOCEPHALUS*): A BIRD WHOSE "HOOD" IS MUCH MORE INTENSELY PIGMENTED AND MORE EXTENSIVE THAN THAT OF THE BLACK-HEADED GULL; A DIFFERENCE INEXPLICABLE AT PRESENT.

In this bird the "hood" is really black, while the flight feathers of the wings are white with a faint grey tinge. There is also a small area of white above and behind the eye.

say that the upper parts are of a dull dark brown, while the breast is suffused with a pale-brown hue. The general appearance of the youngster at this time is one of untidiness; it looks, as in this photograph, ragged. And this because the disintegrated down-feathers of the nestling are still adherent to the tips of the feathers which have pushed them out. This plumage we must regard as a temporary revival of what was once the adult dress of the species. By the time these youngsters have spread out from the breeding-ground with their



2. THE BLACK-HEADED GULL (*LARUS RIDIBUNDUS*) IN ITS "SUMMER" PLUMAGE, WHICH IS DEVELOPED FOR THE BREEDING SEASON: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING A MYSTERIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGE—FOR DURING THE WINTER THE HEAD SHOWS ONLY A DARK SPOT BEHIND THE EYE.

The name "black-headed" is a misnomer, since the dark "hood" seen in the photograph is of a sooty brown. The plumage of the body is pearl-grey as to the back and wings, and white as to the rest; while the primary flight feathers have black tips. The beak and legs are crimson.

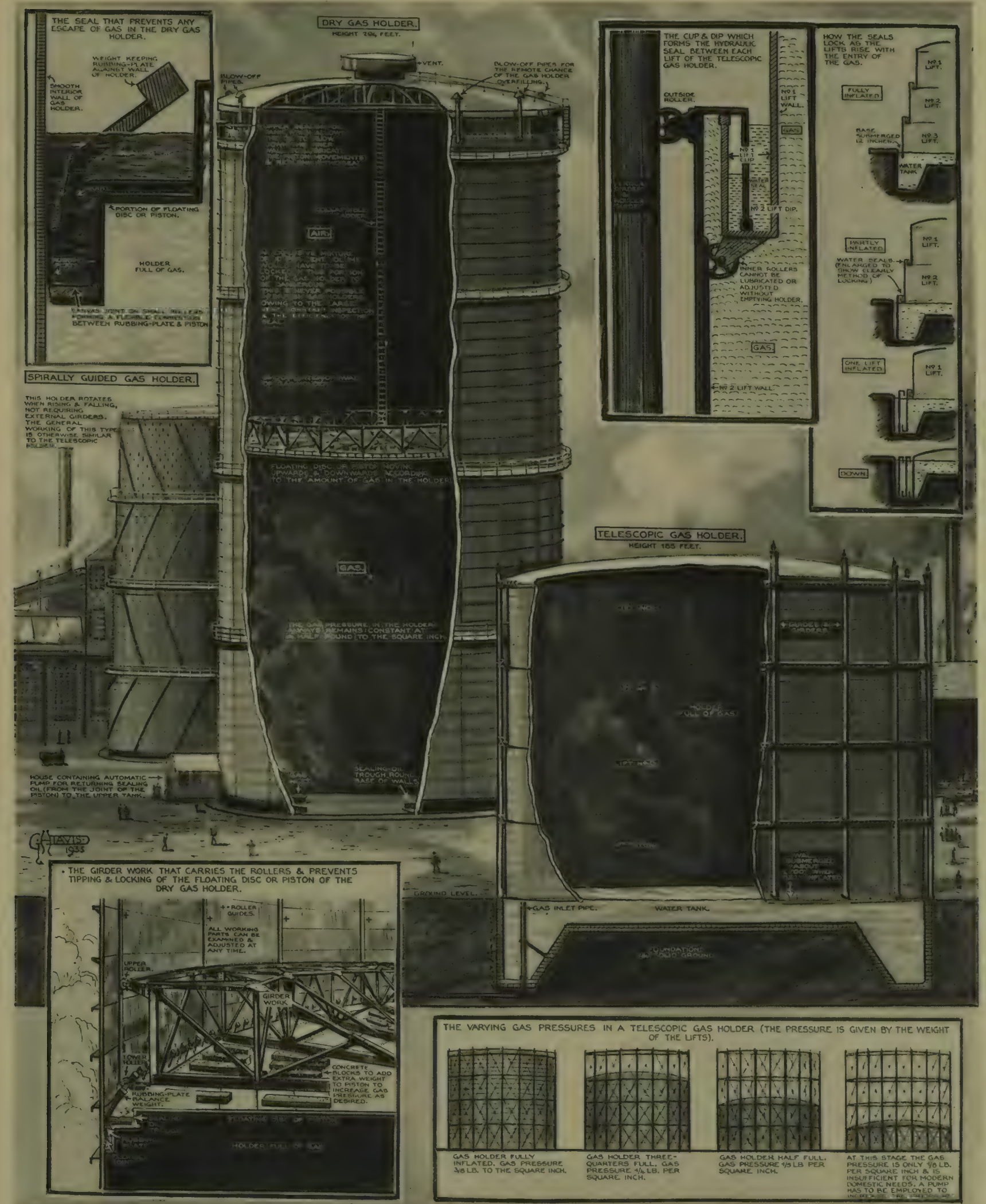


4. THE MEDITERRANEAN BLACK-HEADED GULL IN ITS SUB-ADULT WINTER PLUMAGE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW IT DIFFERS FROM THE ADULT IN HAVING A BLACK BAND CROSSING THE "FLIGHT-FEATHERS" JUST BELOW THEIR TIPS—AN AREA WHICH IN YOUNGER BIRDS IS EVEN LARGER THAN THAT SEEN HERE.



THE WORKING OF THE GAS HOLDER: THREE DIFFERENT BRITISH TYPES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.



THE THREE MAIN TYPES OF GAS HOLDER NOW USED: THE TELESCOPIC; THE SPIRALLY-GUIDED; AND THE DRY.

The disaster at Neunkirchen led to correspondence in the "Times" as to the safety of gas holders. There are now three types in general use in this country—the telescopic type familiar to almost every town; its more modern brother, the spirally-guided type; and the large dry type. This dry type has many advantages over earlier gas holders, as it can be built into a veritable skyscraper. The one at Battersea (London) is 294 ft. high. There is no costly tank or massive foundations to be built; all the working parts can be and are examined daily whilst the holder is at work; and the gas pressure given forth always remains constant. The working details are explained in the above drawing. The telescopic type is divided into "lifts" or sections. As the gas enters, the top or roof portion rises. The "cup" round its base engages with a turned edge or "dip" on the upper circumference of the next lift and lock, and is filled with a trough of water forming the gas seal. This is repeated at the next lift. In the dry type a flat disc or piston rises as the gas enters, and leakage is prevented by a seal of thick oil and by the rubbing-plates that slide against the smooth inner face of the walls. Experts state that although the upper part is filled with air, which, if mixed with the correct quantity of gas, would become explosive, the seal is so efficient and inspection so thorough that, unless the gas holder plating were seriously damaged externally, there is not the slightest danger of explosion in this country. The dry holder illustrated is known as the M.A.N., or Nuremberg type. There is another named the "Klönne," using a different form of seal.



## A MYSTERIOUS NUBIAN TRIBE, HALF-

## CHRISTIAN, HALF-PAGAN: NEW TOMB-FINDS NEAR ABU SIMBEL.

OUR readers will recall the very interesting Nubian excavations illustrated in our issues of June 11 and July 16 last. They were undertaken at the instance of the Egyptian Government, in view of the fact that the further raising of the Aswan Dam threatened to submerge the area concerned. The discoveries relate to a Nubian tribe of late Roman times (fourth to sixth centuries A.D.), whose culture is described as Byzantine-Nubian and whose religious observances appear to have been partly Christian and partly pagan. On these pages we illustrate the latest discoveries in the district, where excavations by the Egyptian Government Archaeological Survey of Nubia, under the direction of Mr. Walter B. Emery, were carried out this season at Ballana, about seven miles south of Abu Simbel, on tombs on the west side of the Nile. "The discoveries, while not so numerous as last year, were hardly less illuminating," a correspondent informs us. "The principal find was the tomb of a king in which was found the body, lying in a semi-contracted position on the right side with the head to the south. Still in place was a massive silver crown, very imposing, studded with jewels and ornamented with busts of the goddess Isis. The body had many silver ornaments, such as bracelets, a bow-guard, toe-rings, and anklets. A heavy iron sword with a silver handle and sheath was found by the side of the body. The most interesting result, however, was the evidence of a gradual infiltration of Christianity. Generally speaking, there were fewer evidences of worship of the old Egyptian gods and more evidence of Christian worship than in the tombs examined last year. Christian symbols were frequent in the ornaments, while, on the other hand, the slaughter of slaves at burial bore testimony to a continuation of decidedly pagan practices. The conclusion to be drawn from the various discoveries is that these people were in touch with Christian teaching and had partly adopted its symbolism. They might have been the Nobata, a savage tribe introduced by the Romans from the Kharga Oasis about 298 A.D. Hardly any inscriptions have been rolled throughout the discoveries, which leads one to suppose that this tribe had no written language. Next year the excavators hope to attack the town adjacent to the cemetery, where they expect to find some inscribed material which will furnish better proofs of the identity of these ancient people."

A BRONZE LAMP, WITH TWO RECEPTACLES FOR OIL, HELD ALOFT BY THE FIGURE OF A PAGAN DEITY, AND A MALTESE CROSS ON THE TOP OF EACH BURNER: ARTISTIC WORK FROM ROMAN NUBIA, VERY SIMILAR TO A LAMP FROM A NEAR-BY SITE ILLUSTRATED BY US ON JUNE 17. (HEIGHT 2 FT.)



A BRONZE SKULLET FROM A TOMB AT BALLANA, INTERESTING FOR ITS COMPLETE LACK OF EGYPTIAN SYMBOLS WHERE SUCH MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED. (DIAMETER ABOUT 5½ INCHES.)



A BRONZE BOWL FROM THE BYZANTINE-NUBIAN CEMETERY AT BALLANA, THE WORKMANSHIP RATHER ROUGH, BUT ON THE WHOLE SURPRISINGLY GOOD: METAL-WORK OF A MYSTERIOUS TRIBE OF LATE ROMAN TIMES, NOT YET CERTAINLY IDENTIFIED. (DIAMETER ABOUT 7½ INCHES.)



LIGHTING DECORATION FROM THE CEMETERY AT BALLANA, NEAR ABU SIMBEL, REMARKABLE FOR ITS DISTINCTLY EUROPEAN CHARACTER: A STRANGE BRONZE LAMP, RATHER LIKE A WHALE, ON A BRONZE STAND. (HEIGHT ABOUT 11 INCHES.)



THE CROWN OF A NUBIAN KING, MADE OF SOLID SILVER AND STUDED WITH PRECIOUS JEWELS: BUSTS OF THE GODDESS ISIS ALONG THE MIDDLE ROW OF GEMS: A DISCOVERY MADE IN THE TOMB WHERE THE KING'S BODY STILL LAY. (HEIGHT ABOUT 4½ INCHES.)



A FINE BRONZE BOWL FROM THE CEMETERY AT BALLANA, REMARKABLE, LIKE THE OTHER BRONZE WARE SHOWN ON THESE PAGES, FOR THE ABSENCE OF EGYPTIAN SYMBOLS: THE WORK OF A TRIBE WITH A BORROWED SURFACE CULTURE, WHO KNEW BOTH CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN WORSHIP. (DIAMETER ABOUT 9 INCHES.)



# TREMENDOUS TASKS THAT CONFRONT THE CLIMBERS OF EVEREST: OBSTACLES TO REACHING THE "ROOF OF THE WORLD."

Drawn specially for "The Illustrated London News" by Douglas Macpherson. (See also the Model of Everest shown on Page 268.)



THE PROBLEM OF CLIMBING TO ALTITUDES WHERE EIGHT OR TEN BREATHS MUST BE TAKEN BEFORE EACH STEP AND 300 FT. AN HOUR IS "NOT BAD GOING": A PANORAMA OF THE NORTH (AND ONLY ACCESSIBLE) SIDE OF EVEREST (5 1/2 MILES HIGH), SHOWING THE ROUTE (DOTTED LINES) WITH POSITIONS OF PROPOSED CAMPS.

Fourteen picked mountaineers, under Mr. Hugh Rutledge, will soon begin the fourth attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest. They include Mr. F. S. Smythe, who led the attack on Mt. Kamet in 1931, and two members of the last Everest expedition (1924)—Mr. Noel Odell and Mr. E. O. Sherrin. About March 15 they will leave Darjeeling for the 300-mile trek across the Tibetan plateau, with eighty Sherpa porters, and expect to leave their base camp, itself at the height of Mont Blanc, by April 20. The final onslaught

on the peak may take place about the middle of May. The climbers and porters will wear special wind-proof suits, with an improved type of oxygen-breathing apparatus, as illustrated in our issue of February 11. One vital factor is acclimatisation to changes of atmosphere at increasing altitudes. In a recent broadcast talk, Mr. Rutledge described problems and perils of the ascent. The first three camps, he explained, will be placed along the East Rongbuk Glacier, three to four hours' journey apart. Camp 3 is the advance

base. Above it rises the North Col, a 1500 ft. wall of ice and snow, connecting Everest with the North Peak. Climbers must not only scale it themselves, but, by step-cutting, make a safe permanent way for laden porters. Near the top of the North Col will be Camp 4, the last of those to be permanently held during the operations, at about 23,000 ft. "At least two more camps must be made," said Mr. Rutledge, "at 25,000 ft. and, perhaps, 27,000 ft. respectively. The climbing is now quite different—a blunt rock ridge. The

wind is frightful. . . . One night at Camp 5, and a grim eight-hour struggle . . . to make Camp 6 next day. If the porters do it, their names will be famous in story and song throughout the Himalaya. The question is: Can the remaining 1600 ft. be climbed the following day? A rate of 300 ft. an hour is not bad going, when eight or ten breaths are being taken before each step." It should be noted that the "Camp 6" shown in the above drawing at 25,500 ft. is that of the 1924 expedition.

N.B.—The photographs taken by the Houston Mount Everest Expedition will be published in "The Illustrated London News."



# DIRECTED ECONOMY.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

WE are working the word "interesting" to death. Nowadays everything is interesting. The Russian Revolution is interesting. Cubist painting is interesting. The meetings of the Assembly or Council of the League of Nations are interesting. General von Schleicher is interesting; so is Hitler. Why is this word for ever on our lips? Because it is a non-committal one, half-way and at equal distance between good and evil, the beautiful and the hideous. A convenient way out, it dispenses us from passing a compromising judgment on things one way or the other, from saying outright whether they seem to us right or wrong, fair or ugly. The abuse of that word betrays the timidity of a period uncertain as to its standards of measurement, because it either has none or has too many—all of them contradictory.

I wonder whether the same psychological weakness is not also to be found in two other words which are beginning to be overdone: "directed economy." Everyone is crying out for directed economy; even those who are not yet convinced by the formula discuss it as though it might contain some miraculous secret for the salvation of the world. But it seems to be as hollow as the word "interesting." Directed economy by all means: but by whom? According to what directions? Well or badly directed? It would seem that in order to have a meaning the formula should give a precise answer to those three questions. Not at all: directed economy is discussed as though economy to-day were a pilotless boat that has only to be given some control at the helm for all the evils of which the world is complaining to disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

The real question is something quite different. The economy of the world is directed to-day, at least in a certain measure, by small independent groups of bankers, big business men, and manufacturers. As business is bad throughout the entire world, the responsibility is inclined to be thrown on to those groups, and in every circle there is a growing tendency to believe that, if the management of economic life were transferred to the State, things would go better. That is the idea at the back of those two vague words: "directed economy." A simple idea, and therefore one that has a wide appeal.

It is incontestable that those in charge of world economy committed a certain number of mistakes after 1919. All those mistakes can be traced back to one initial mistake: not having realised that the prosperity of the war period and the first years of peace was artificial and could not possibly last. The public, moreover, was the enthusiastic accomplice of that pleasant mistake, which gave all the peoples and their governments four or five years of dangerous ease. But we should once more be suffering from a delusion if we imagined that the present difficulties were specially or solely a consequence of that mistake, and that governments only have to be put in charge of the work of peoples for the world to be led back to the prosperity of twenty years ago. The cause of the actual economic crisis is both simpler and more profound: it requires no astrologers or cabalists to discover it. It is sufficient to remember that for a quarter of a century—that is to say, ever since the Young Turk Revolution that broke out in 1908—the whole world has been living under the sign of revolution and war, and the revolutions and wars that have broken out since 1908 have not failed in the part that was theirs in history. They have completely ruined a

portion of the world, or reduced it to extreme poverty, while they have checked the economic development of the other nations.

Among the nations ruined or reduced to poverty by the wars and revolutions of the last twenty-five years we must reckon, indeed, Russia, Germany, all the territory of the former Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires, Italy, the Balkan countries, China, and Mexico. I do not think that the riches of France, England, and Belgium have decreased in comparison with 1914; but who would dare to maintain that they have increased in considerable proportions? If there has been any increase at all, it would appear to have been more than absorbed by the enormous corresponding increase of debts, expenditure, and taxes. The United States, a few neutral States of Europe and America, such as Switzerland, Holland, and the Argentine, have multiplied their wealth in the last twenty years; but they are about to lose all they have gained. It remains to be seen, at the end of the crisis, what, if any, will be the balance in hand.

direction. For that is the weak point of all contemporary speculations as to the future: nothing goes to prove it more than the attitude of the Western mind towards Russia.

I am going to tell a little story that seems to me to be characteristic of the present time. Last summer I was at Aix-les-Bains doing a cure. One evening, being at a loose end, and my footsteps leading me past the door of a hall where some Communists were holding a public meeting, I went in. I listened to the long harangue of a young Communist, who, incidentally, spoke very well indeed, and had taken as the text of his speech an interview given several days previously, to an English newspaper, by one of the leading Italian industrialists. That comfortable capitalist, who is also a senator and one of the pillars of the Fascist régime, in that interview sang the praises of the Soviets, and upheld them as an example to the Western Powers, for all the world as though that Communist commentator had solicited the text. How the orator embroidered upon those senatorial eulogies it is easy to

imagine! A senator, a capitalist, and a Fascist providing the theme of a lecture for ultra-Communist propaganda: there is a fine example for you! But that speech afforded yet another, even more significant. It did not transpire, either from the text of the Fascist senator, at least as communicated to us by the Communist speaker, or in his developments of it, for what reasons the Russian Revolution should be an example to us. Sometimes it seemed as though it was to wrest the priority of production from the antiquated bourgeoisie of the West; sometimes it seemed that it was capable of assuring the world more order, wisdom, and justice; and then it appeared that it possessed the two qualities combined.

That question is, however, of such vital importance that the admirers of the Russian Revolution and the partisans of directed economy in general should make up their minds to

solve it. What is expected of directed economy, or, if you prefer it, State capitalism, the nationalisation of industry, commerce, and agriculture? More wealth, or more wisdom and justice? Let us, for instance, examine that first complete attempt in the direction of State capitalism that is the Russian Revolution. It is debatable whether the Russians are in the process of creating a new type of social organisation, a new morality, or a new art; but all we know about it proves that they are as poor to-day as in 1920, and poorer than in 1925 and 1926. The desperate efforts made by the Government of Moscow to get the Russian people out of the misery into which it had been thrown by the war of 1914 and the Revolution of 1917 have not so far met with much success.

Electrical centres and powerful furnaces have been erected, but the immense majority of the population has not enough to eat. Heavy industry is being developed, but soap is lacking; there are not enough clothes and shoes to go round, and the houses, especially in the large towns, are horribly congested, dirty, and unhealthy. That immense majority lives in terrible distress; the ruling minority is a little better off, but not much. I have heard accounts of dinner-parties given by high dignitaries of the régime: banquets in comparison to the general misery, but which would appear extremely frugal in a moderately well-to-do or rich Western country. After fifteen years of desperate efforts the revolution has not succeeded in assuring to the Russian people what, according to Western ideas, are the mere necessities of life. On the contrary, it has succeeded in creating economic equality through universal poverty, much the same as the French Revolution succeeded in bringing about civil equality. But was it really equality in poverty that the Russian Revolution wanted? Is that

(Continued on page 286.)



A SCALE-MODEL OF MOUNT EVEREST: THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, WHOSE SUMMIT (5½ MILES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL) IS SHORTLY TO BE ATTACKED BY BRITISH EXPEDITIONS BOTH ON FOOT AND BY AIR.

It is interesting to compare this scale-model of Mt. Everest and its approaches, on the northern and only accessible side, with the large panoramic drawing (on pages 266 and 267), taken from a slightly different point of view and showing the route of the climb with the positions of camps. Mr. Hugh Rutledge, leader of the climbing expedition, with several other members, reached Bombay on February 10, and stated that they would all assemble at Darjeeling on March 1. They expect to leave their base camp, near the Rongbuk Monastery, about twelve miles north of Everest, on or before April 20, and reach Camp 4, at 23,000 ft., by the middle of May. The air attack on Everest by aeroplanes (illustrated in our issue of February 4) is to be made by the Houston Mt. Everest Flight Expedition. Most of the members, including Air-Commodore Fellowes, the leader, and Lord Clydesdale, the chief pilot, left Heston Aerodrome on February 16 on the first stage of their flight to India, while Lieut.-Colonel Blacker, the chief observer, started from Croydon by Imperial Airways for Karachi.

By Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society. (See Illustration on pages 266 and 267.)

It is undeniable that the mistakes committed by banks, industry, speculation, and governments put the finishing touch to the havoc wrought by the wars and revolutions, but as a supplementary calamity. The primary cause of the present distress is not the collapse of capitalism, but those wars and revolutions themselves. The prosperity that reigned in the world between 1900 and 1914 was born of the general enrichment, and was a consequence of peace both internal and external. Then, almost everyone was prosperous—Italy like Russia, Germany like France, the United States like England. All the peoples produced more; they could therefore buy and consume more: by bettering its own condition, every nation was working for the prosperity of the others. For the last five years that impetuous, universal rush has been brought to a standstill. After twenty years of destruction, revolutions and wars got the upper hand. A part of the earth is compelled to reduce its consuming power more and more, because it can no longer sell anything with even the most modest of profits; others have difficulty in maintaining the old balance between sale and purchase; the privileged peoples who have grown rich are more and more isolated owing to the increasing poverty of the others. Their riches are becoming exhausted in the surrounding misery. Since 1914 the world, without having enjoyed complete peace, has not been ravaged by any serious war. But it has lived and is still living with the obsession of seeing the outbreak of another tremendous war like the last: and that obsession paralyses, upsets, and confounds all effort. It seems to me to be more urgent to put the world on its feet again, and give it back a reasonable confidence in peace, than to change its economic direction, at least while there is such a confused idea as to the aims to be pursued by that



# THE ULTIMA THULE OF TWO GREAT BRITISH EXPEDITIONS: MT. EVEREST.



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK, WHICH BRITISH AIRMEN AND CLIMBERS HAVE SET OUT TO ATTAIN: THE EVEREST GROUP (85 MILES AWAY) SEEN FROM SINGALELA BY AFTERNOON LIGHT—THE CROWNING POINT (29,141 FT.) OF A 1200-MILE RANGE TOWERING ABOVE A SEA OF CLOUDS.



A LURE TO BRITISH ADVENTURE: MOUNT EVEREST (THE THIRD PEAK FROM THE RIGHT) LIFTING HER SNOW-CROWNED SUMMIT ABOVE THE "ROOF OF THE WORLD"—A DISTANT PANORAMA TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF SANDAKPHU, WEST OF DARJEELING, SHOWING PART OF THE MIGHTY EVEREST RANGE.

On a double-page in this number we illustrate the route to be followed by the fourth Everest climbing expedition, and the formidable tasks of the ascent, while on page 268 we show a scale model of the mountain, noting below it the recent start from England of the Houston Mt. Everest Flight, which will attempt to traverse the summit by aeroplane. On February 19 the flying party reached Sicily on their way to India. The above two photographs reveal the awe-

inspiring magnificence of the region in which these two great British adventures will take place. Describing recently the objective of the air expedition, Lord Burnham (its Honorary Treasurer) pointed out that even those who have seen, with their own eyes or in photographs, part of the massed peaks known as the Himalaya, can scarcely realise their vast extent, for the Everest range stretches for about 1200 miles and comprises scores of peaks over 20,000 ft. high.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



MR. VINCENT ASTOR'S YACHT, "NOURMAHAL," FROM WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT HAD LANDED, AT MIAMI, SHORTLY BEFORE THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, President-elect of the United States, narrowly escaped assassination at Miami on February 15. He had been on a fishing trip to the Bahamas in Mr. Vincent Astor's yacht, "Nourmahal," and had just made an open-air speech from a motor-car, shortly after landing, when he was fired at by a man in the crowd. The assassin's aim was deflected by a woman (Mrs. Cross) seizing his arm, and Mr. Roosevelt was unhurt. Five other persons, however, were wounded—two of them very seriously, namely, Mr. Cermak, Mayor of Chicago, and

*(Continued opposite.)*



POLITICAL VIOLENCE IN GERMANY: NAZI AMBULANCE MEN GOING TO AID COMRADES SAID TO HAVE BEEN SHOT BY COMMUNISTS DURING A PROCESSION.

At Eisleben on February 12, it was reported, Communists fired on a Nazi procession, killing two and wounding ten storm detachment men. The uniformed Nazis in our photograph are wearing the Red Cross badge and the Nazi swastika. It is stated that the Communist headquarters were stormed and a fierce fight took place in the gymnasium. Police reinforcements had to be brought from Halle to assist in quelling the disturbance.



AN AFFRAY BETWEEN TROOPS AND RAILWAY STRIKERS IN RUMANIA: A MILITARY CORDON ROUND THE WORKS IN BUCHAREST DURING THE ATTACK.

On February 15, in Bucharest, 5000 railway workshop employees went on strike in protest against anti-Communist action. They were surrounded in the workshops by troops and ordered to disperse. About 2000 obeyed, but, as the rest refused, the soldiers were ordered to fire. The strikers replied with revolvers, but after firing had lasted some fifteen minutes they surrendered. According to official reports, three strikers were killed and sixteen seriously injured, while among the troops and police the casualties were one killed and twelve seriously wounded.



THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE AT CRANWELL, NOW ALMOST COMPLETED AND TO BE OPENED THIS YEAR.

The new college buildings at Cranwell, the famous Lincolnshire training centre of the Royal Air Force, are expected to be ready for occupation in the autumn of this year. Our photograph, taken recently, shows the architectural quality of these fine buildings, now almost completed, which have been erected to replace the old and unsatisfactory war-time premises. The work of construction, it may be recalled, was begun in 1930.



MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH MR. VINCENT ASTOR (EXTREME RIGHT) ABOARD THE LATTER'S YACHT, "NOURMAHAL," BEFORE THE MIAMI OUTRAGE. *(Continued.)*

Mrs. Joseph Gill. Mr. Roosevelt accompanied the Mayor to hospital, and postponed his train journey to New York, where he eventually arrived on the 17th. On the 20th, his assailant, an Italian named Giuseppe Zangara, was sentenced at the Miami Criminal Court to eighty years' imprisonment on four charges of attempted murder. (See also our Personal Page.)



THE FLYING CORPS OF THE NAZI "BROWN" ARMY: MEN AND MACHINES OF THE BERLIN SECTION ON PARADE AT A GERMAN AERODROME.

"Hitler's army," writes a correspondent in a note supplied with this photograph, "has its own flying corps. It is not an easy matter to enrol in this corps, and applicants are first required to attend a school where they are taught aeroplane construction and theoretical work. If proficient they are then accepted. The fact that they are not allowed to have military aeroplanes means that practical work is very limited."



PARIS SHOPS CLOSED AS A PROTEST AGAINST PROPOSALS OF HIGHER TAXATION: SHUTTERS UP, WITH NOTICES ATTACHED, IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

Numerous shops in Paris and the French provinces were closed, on the afternoon of February 16, as a protest against the Government proposals for increased taxation, and those proposals were denounced at meetings held by many chambers of commerce. In Paris itself most of the larger shops, especially in the Rue de la Paix and the Grands Boulevards, had their shutters up, with notices affixed (as shown in our photograph) protesting against the new taxes. A few shops which had been kept open were guarded by police, but there was no disorder.



## THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: ROYAL ACTIVITIES IN BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON.



THE MANSION HOUSE BANQUET FOR THE OPENING OF THE B.I.F.: THE PRINCE OF WALES—WITH DR. ROCA, OF THE ARGENTINE MISSION, NEXT TO HIM.

The Prince of Wales attended a dinner given by the Government at the Mansion House on February 20, to mark the opening of the British Industries Fair. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister presided. H.R.H. proposed the toast of "The British Industries Fair." In the photograph are (l. to r.) Mr. J. H. Whitley, Dr. Roca (head of the Argentine Mission), the Prince of Wales, Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, the Lord Mayor, and the Belgian Ambassador.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE TEXTILE SECTION OF THE B.I.F. AT THE WHITE CITY: H.R.H., SITTING NEXT LORD DERBY, AT A MANNEQUIN PARADE OF WEDDING DRESSES.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE WHITE CITY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE INSPECTING A STAND OF CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Duchess of York spent two-and-a-half hours in the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair at the White City on February 20. She visited a great number of the stands, giving orders for furnishing materials for her house and for silks and cottons for her own use and that of her two daughters. She made many enquiries about the state of employment in industries in various districts and showed the greatest interest in new materials, new processes, new uses for existing materials, and in everything which would tend to increase the volume of employment in the country. She spent some time at a mannequin parade in the Theatre of Fashion. Here the Duchess saw cruising suits, evening gowns, sports suits, and a beautiful wedding dress.



GO-AHEAD BRITISH INDUSTRY: A "CRINOLINE" DOUBLE LIGHT OF A TYPE FORMERLY ALMOST A FOREIGN MONOPOLY.

The British Industries Fair made a successful start on February 20, home and overseas buyers being numerous both in London and Birmingham, and good business being reported by many of the exhibitors. Buyers in Birmingham from home and overseas countries on February 20 numbered 2355; at Olympia and the White City 6218.



ROYAL INTEREST IN THE B.I.F.: (LEFT) THE QUEEN INSPECTING SOME MASCOTS AT OLYMPIA; (RIGHT) THE DUKE OF YORK BEING SHOWN A GAS-DRIVEN BUS AT CASTLE BROMWICH.

The Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, and Prince George, spent a long time at the British Industries Fair at Olympia on February 21. Within a very short time of entering the Fair, the Queen had begun her purchases, at the first stall buying a manicure set and a cigarette-box of enamel, and two toilet sets. On the previous day the Duke of York had visited the Birmingham section of the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich, where the heavy industries are represented. One of his most interesting experiences was to ride in the first passenger-carrying motor-omnibus in this country to be run on compressed coal gas.



# A PETROL-STATION IN MID-ATLANTIC: THE HALFWAY, AERODROME AT SEA—ITS "LANDING-RAFT"; ITS CATAPULT.



THE STEAMER "WESTFALEN"—CONVERTED INTO A FLOATING, CRUISING HALFWAY-AERODROME AND REFUELLING-STATION FOR FLYING-BOATS CROSSING THE SOUTH ATLANTIC—WITH A DORNIER-WAL IN THE AIR NEAR HER.



A FLYING-BOAT THAT HAS BEEN RAISED FROM THE "WESTFALEN'S" CANVAS "LANDING-RAFT" ON THE RAILS OF THE CATAPULT LAUNCHING-DEVICE ABOARD THE SHIP.



A FLYING-BOAT STARTING ON THE SECOND HALF OF A FLIGHT—CATAPULTED FROM THE RAILS OF THE "WESTFALEN'S" LAUNCHING-DEVICE.



A FLYING-BOAT ABOVE THE CONVERTED STEAMER "WESTFALEN," WHICH IS FLYING THE FLAGS OF GERMANY, THE LUFTHANSA COMPANY, AND THE NORDDEUTSCHER-ALLOID.



THE CONTROLS OF THE LAUNCHING-DEVICE BY MEANS OF WHICH FLYING-BOATS CAN BE CATAPULTED FROM THE "WESTFALEN."



THE CANVAS "LANDING-RAFT" LOWERED FROM THE STERN OF THE "WESTFALEN" AND STRETCHED OUT ON THE SEA'S SURFACE; READY FOR A FLYING-BOAT TO TAXI ON TO IT.



A FLYING-BOAT ON THE CANVAS "LANDING-RAFT" ON TO WHICH SHE HAS TAXIED; READY FOR REFUELLING AT SEA.



A FLYING-BOAT TAXIING ON TO THE "WESTFALEN'S" CANVAS "LANDING-RAFT" AT FULL SPEED, IN ORDER TO BE REFUELLED ON THE SECOND HALF OF A TRANS-OCEAN FLIGHT.



A FLYING-BOAT (RAISED BY CRANE FROM THE CANVAS "LANDING-RAFT" ON TO WHICH SHE TAXIED) BEING LOWERED ON TO THE CATAPULT'S RAILS.

In order to make flights across the South Atlantic with goods or passengers a paying proposition, the Lufthansa Company has had the 5000-ton Norddeutscher steamer "Westfalen" converted into a floating fuelling-station and repair-shop for commercial aeroplanes using the route in question. Her normal position, which she is likely to take up in March, will be at a

point midway across the South Atlantic, but, of course, she will be able to cruise as necessity determines. Aircraft not concerned with costs have covered the 1800 miles of the journey in a single hop on a number of occasions; but such straight flights do not pay: to carry both an economic load and fuel sufficient for an uninterrupted flight is impossible. Hence this

new halfway stage—for refuelling more especially. The procedure is as follows: On the approach of a flying-boat that intends to alight, the "Westfalen" lowers the canvas "landing-raft" that is fixed, folded, at her stern and is readily stretched out along the surface of the sea. On to this canvas the flying-boat taxis until she is correctly placed for handling. She can be

hoisted aboard the mother-ship by means of a crane. When she wishes to fly from the "Westfalen" she is run along the rails aboard the ship and is catapulted into the air. It should be noted that the "Westfalen" is fitted with short-wave wireless, so that a pilot can always communicate with her. Our photographs were taken during tests in the North Sea.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PEACE IN NICARAGUA AFTER SIX YEARS: DR. SACASA (SITTING, LEFT) AND GENERAL SANDINO (SITTING, RIGHT).

As mentioned in our issue of February 11, General Augustino Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel leader, signed a peace pact with Dr. Sacasa, the new Nicaraguan President, on February 2. His revolt had lasted six years. This photograph was taken after the signing of peace. General Sandino's father is standing on the right.

## MR. J. B. FAGAN.

The well-known English playwright and producer. Died at Hollywood, February 17; aged fifty-nine. Worked for some years with Benson and Tree. Wrote "The Prayer of the Sword," "And So To Bed," "The Improper Duchess."



## MR. PAT SULLIVAN.

Died February 16; aged forty-five. The Australian who invented "Felix the Cat," one of the greatest of film stars, and the first to spread the fame of the animated cartoon all over the world.



LORD LOVAT, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON, AT THE POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT WHICH HE DIED.

Lord Lovat died on February 18 at the end of the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechases held at Little Tew, near Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire. He formed Lovat's Scouts in the Boer War, and became a Brigadier-General in the Great War. In 1920 he became Chairman of the Royal Commission on Forestry.



## SIR ROBERT DONALD.

The well-known journalist and critic of public affairs. He died suddenly on February 17, in his seventieth year. In 1902 he became editor of the "Daily Chronicle." He was a director of the Department of Information during the war. He resigned from the "Chronicle" when it was sold in 1918. He was afterwards proprietor of the "Referee."



THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT-ELECT'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION: MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT AT THE START OF HIS HOLIDAY ON BOARD THE "NOURMAHAL," MR. VINCENT ASTOR'S YACHT.

Miami, was also hit, and was in a critical condition. Zangara, who pleaded guilty of attempted murder, was sentenced to eighty years' imprisonment.



## MR. ANTON CERMAK.

An Italian, named Giuseppe Zangara, fired several shots at the President-elect at Miami, Florida, on February 15, but missed him. Mr. Anton Cermak, Mayor of Chicago, was beside Mr. Roosevelt, and was severely injured by a bullet, though at the time of going to press he was expected to recover. Mrs. Joseph Gill, of



## MR. MATSUOKA.

Chief Japanese delegate at Geneva. Stated recently that, in the event of his Government withdrawing from the League, he would return by way of Great Britain and the United States, and not via Siberia, as originally announced.



## MR. ARCHIE JACKSON.

The Australian professional cricketer who played in the 1930 Test Matches in England. Died February 15; aged twenty-three. As a batsman, he seemed to give promise of the greatest things before ill-health overtook him. He was also a sound fielder.



## LADY SEAFORTH.

Widow of Lord Seaforth. Died February 17. Her activities on behalf of charity and social service were widely known and appreciated. During the war, founded the Seaforth Sanatorium, near Braham. Did much to help in relieving post-war distress in Germany.



## SIR CHARLES M. MARLING.

The well-known diplomatist, who had a distinguished career in the Orient. Died February 16; aged seventy. Was famous for his knowledge of peoples and politics of the Near East, particularly of Persia. Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran 1908, and subsequently Minister; doing wonderful work for the Allies.



THE DISCOVERERS OF A "POSITIVE ELECTRON": DR. BLACKETT (RIGHT) AND MR. OCCHIALINI, THE CAMBRIDGE RESEARCH WORKERS.

An important step forward in our knowledge of the constitution of matter was made when Dr. Blackett and Mr. Occhialini produced before the Royal Society the results of long and painstaking researches at Cambridge. They showed the Royal Society photographs of disintegrated atoms that demonstrate the quite new discovery of a positive electron.



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*"It keeps you in tune!"*

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# "IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE BOOK OF THE TIGER": By BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. G. BURTON.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

OPINIONS differ about the tiger. We cannot but admire him, though we admire with awe, and with thankfulness for the bars through which we generally study him. In captivity or in the wilds, he maintains his reputation for "burning bright." In the sheer quintessence of felinity, he is perhaps excelled by the leopard, fiercest and most untamable of all cats. But his strength is as the strength of ten: he bears himself with majesty, and his rage is one of the most terrible things in animate nature. If might is right in the animal kingdom, the tiger has better title to sovereignty than the lion, for there are few creatures which do not acknowledge his supremacy. The only match for him (we learn from General Burton) is a buffalo; but an elephant may master him, a crocodile may be his equal in endurance and more than his equal in guile, and if he attacks a fretful porpoise (bully that he is!) he may find the quills prejudicial and even fatal to health. Being such a tyrant, and possessing so hearty and so indiscriminate an appetite, he is hated wherever he goes, and there is a defensive alliance among all jungle creatures to warn each other of his approach. But respect is due to the very ruthlessness of his sway, and we are all a little awed by that profound contempt for every other species which is plainly written on his face. One glance from a tiger at the "Zoo" can make one feel smaller than any proud man's contumely.

No wonder, then, that men find an incomparable thrill in bringing low his pride. There is something epic in his death. "A glimpse of a yellowish form is seen in the long grass for the space of a few seconds, and is at once lost to view. Once again it is seen behind a tree-trunk. Closer advance the beaters, the tiger charges out, but he is a wary beast. Again and again he is driven out, only to seek cover in the long grass away from the guns. A shikari climbs a tree and pelts him with stones. The manoeuvre succeeds, and once again we get a half-length view of the tiger as he makes a spring at his tormentor in the tree-top. The ring closes in upon him, but with a roar he dives into the long grass; another roar and he shows himself quite near the howdah. A moment's suspense, and a shot rings out. The tiger, though mortally wounded, has plenty of go in him, and charges to the opposite side, and is buried once more in the heavy cover. The ring closes in: another shot; and the tiger rolls over dead." *Requiescat in pace.*

But when every tribute has been paid to the "fearful symmetry" of Bagh, he remains, in the opinion of many

For example, he is undoubtedly a cannibal. "Numerous instances are recorded of tigers killing and eating cubs, and more than one of their devouring the full-grown tigress." This is a habit to which much more lowly creatures will not sink, for it is one of the rare decencies of nature that "dog will not eat dog." This reprehensible characteristic



A CAPTIVE WHITE TIGER IN REWA: AN ANIMAL WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, MAY NOT BE AN ALBINO, BUT BELONG TO A DISTINCT RACE.

The author of "The Book of the Tiger" shows that white tigers are not uncommon, and says that they have been known for years in the jungles where the Bilaspur and Mandla districts of the Central Provinces join with Rewa State. This particular animal was pure white, with light black stripes, the markings on the face black. It was caught near Sohagpur in 1915.

From the Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society.

of the tiger is but one result of his besetting vice—a monstrous and insatiable appetite. Of all carnivora he is the most carnivorous, though General Burton interjects that "he is no more bloodthirsty than carnivorous man, except that he does his own killing while man usually has his killing done for him, amounting in Great Britain to 40,000 creatures slaughtered daily for food." (It may be observed that comparatively few of these carnivorous citizens shoot wild creatures for fun, and most of them would scruple to sacrifice tethered goats and deer to tigers for their sport.) The tiger, when sufficiently hungry, is quite promiscuous in his diet, descending to a meal of python, or a snack of scaly ant-eater, or to "such unconsidered trifles as fish, crabs, frogs, and scorpions." He will, if he can, devour as much as 200 pounds of meat at a sitting. His temper is deplorable. "I have seen a thick brass dish, carried on a beater's back, pierced by claws driven right through it by an angry tiger." His methods are not always sportsmanlike, and he has an objectionable habit of hamstringing a recalcitrant victim before killing it. He has no friends, and his only companion is of the baser sort—the jackal, who, in this unnatural association, cannot be credited with disinterested motives. Though, on the whole, his courage is conspicuous, it is not invariable, for it is freely said that he is afraid of wild dogs. "I have myself seen a tiger put to flight and chased by a bull-terrier, which eventually brought the beast to bay but was mortally wounded in the encounter."

Man has no cause to love Bagh. It is surprising to learn how unsuccessful man, the interloper, has been in ousting his jungle predecessors from some parts of India. In that country about 20,000 people die every year of snake-bite, and some 3000 from attacks of wild beasts, which are thus almost as dangerous as motor-cars in the more enlightened West. In these depredations, the tiger is prominent, for he is the chief transgressor against the fundamental jungle law (if we remember our "Jungle Book" aright), "Never kill man." It is a little humiliating to learn that even the voracious tiger seldom violates this rule unless age, infirmity, and defective teeth disqualify him from obtaining any more satisfying meal; but the exceptions are frequent enough to terrorise whole villages and districts and to account for many lives. Thus General Burton relates that in 1903, in a single district, forty-eight people fell before one tigress, which, it seems, is even more deadly than the male, having other mouths than her own to feed. The vice of man-eating, once acquired, is insidious, and leads to degeneration of the character. "Generally speaking, every man-eater has its peculiar character, although all have common points of resemblance. All excel in cunning and most in apparent timidity. One had an unusual habit of charging a crowd in broad daylight and carrying off a man from the midst of his

companions. Ordinarily, the man-eater will not attempt to seize one of a crowd, but looks out for stragglers or attacks and carries off the last of an Indian file, the formation in which the natives of India generally travel. So also the cattle-killer seldom takes an animal from the herd in the presence of the herdsman, but cuts off a straggler, although half a dozen cows may be struck down one after another. The tiger prefers to avoid a fight, but is always ready to defend itself, and is likely to attack if disturbed at close quarters, particularly when lying beside its prey."

The tiger has been the centre not only of much interesting chronicle, but of much lively imagination—almost as much, perhaps, as the fish. General Burton adverts to this circumstance, and it is a pity, therefore, that he has given such an anecdotal air to large parts of his book, which too often reads like an album of clippings. No doubt many of the incidents related are quite above the suspicion of inaccuracy, but the second-hand in excessive abundance becomes wearisome. The author sometimes shows a variable sense of proportion: thus, having made gentle fun of "tall" tiger stories, he solemnly records this as an example of the prowess of the Moguls: "It is related in the *Ain Akbari* that the Emperor Akbar, riding ahead of his escort when he was a youth of nineteen, met a tigress with five cubs: he attacked and slew the tigress single-handed with his sword." This is a trifling exploit beside many which legend has attributed to the Moguls, and, indeed, to all Eastern potentates. It is analogous to the size of Viceregal tigers, which have never been known to be less than twelve feet "over-all"; whereas the result of General Burton's long and somewhat unenlivening discussion of this subject is that the animal seldom reaches these dimensions, except in smoking-rooms.

This book cannot be said to realise completely its professed object of presenting "between the covers of one volume a comprehensive view of an animal about which so much has been written that it may at first sight be regarded as an exhausted subject." As a scientific discussion, it is neither profound nor systematic; as a popular description of the animal and of a skilled hunter's experiences of it, it is more successful. It is as interesting and as well written as most books of the same kind. From about Chapter VI. ("Character and Habits") we begin to feel that the author writes with the authority of intimate personal knowledge, and the book grows in interest. It is at its best in describing tiger-hunting on foot—by far the most dangerous and expert form of the



A MANED TIGER; MATURE OR OLDER MALES BEING OFTEN PROVIDED WITH A PRONOUNCED MANE ON THE BACK OF THE NECK, AND EXTENDING ROUND THE CHEEKS AND NECK BELOW THE EARS.

sport, in which General Burton has been particularly successful, by means of daring which only his modesty (conspicuous and agreeable throughout) prevents him from mentioning. The aspiring tiger-hunter may reap the benefit of this Nimrod's experience in the abundant practical advice which the book contains. C. K. A.



TIGER TRACKS IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE: THE PUG-MARKS OF A LARGE ANIMAL CROSSING A CLEARING. All reproductions by Courtesy of Hutchinson and Co., Ltd., Publishers of "The Book of the Tiger."

who have had to do with him, a bit of a cad, with habits which really do not bear dwelling upon (though General Burton's scientific purpose does not permit him this scruple).

\* "The Book of the Tiger: With a Chapter on the Lion in India." By Brig.-General R. G. Burton. (Hutchinson and Co.; 12s. 6d.)



# "CATCHING" ELEPHANTS WITH A MOUSE-TRAP! FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIG GAME TAKEN BY HUNTERS ON CAMERA SHIKAR IN CEYLON.



STEALING INTO THE MOONLIT FOREGROUND WITH A BOLDNESS BORN OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS KINGSHIP: A SPENDID MALE LEOPARD—SELF-PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT AS HE APPROACHED THE DRINKING-POOL.

IN these days "big-game hunting" has acquired a new significance. The time is passing when a trophy necessarily means a dead body and when a sportsman's efficiency is measured by the number of zoological fragments that adorn his walls. The camera is replacing the rifle and the gun, and a chance of survival in the wild state is afforded to many magnificent species which are threatened with extinction. These photographs of wild animals in Ceylon are of particular interest, apart from

their intrinsic excellence, because of the methods used. The photographer, Mr. A. R. Hughes, describing them in "The Illustrated Weekly of India," says: "Before leaving the last town, mouse-traps were purchased. Perhaps it sounds strange to go into the jungle armed only with a mouse-trap and expect to catch big game. But that is exactly what the hunters hoped to do, with just this difference. The game was to be taken back to civilisation on a photographic plate. . . . Early it was discovered [Continued below]



A CROCODILE COMES OUT OF THE POOL TO DINE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S EXPENSE; AND SEES THE FLASHLIGHT, THOUGH HE IS NOT AWARE OF THE WATCHING MEN ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY.

that stalking or trapping for fur or meat is child's-play compared with camera shikar. Though animals must drink, they will suffer considerably rather than face man, their age-old enemy. In camera trapping it is necessary to avoid arousing the suspicion of

the game. The trip-wire must so be set that the animal is not frightened by contact with it. So well must the camera be camouflaged that its glaring eye does not scare. . . . Here's where the mouse-trap plays its part. The trip-wire is fastened to the place



SELF-PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE AID OF A MOUSE-TRAP, WHICH PROVIDED THE LIGHTEST OF SETTINGS FOR THE CONTACT WIRE: ONE OF A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS THAT CAME TO THE WATER-HOLE, PLAYED GAMES, AND DRANK, WITHIN TWENTY-FIVE YARDS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

where the cheese is usually secured and the lightest of settings made. To the break-back spring is attached another wire operating the camera-shutter. All these must so synchronise that they operate in unison and at the same time fire the flash." Mr.

Hughes also draws attention to the difficulty of firing flash powder in the extremely moist atmosphere of the jungles of Ceylon. At last the trouble was overcome by the use of a modern invention—Sashalite globes.



## SOUTHERN SHORES OF SUNSHINE.

FAVOURED WINTER RESORTS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, NORTH AFRICA, MADEIRA, AND THE CANARY ISLES.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

"A CITY OF AMAZING CONTRASTS" IN ARCHITECTURE OLD AND NEW: LISBON—THE PRAÇA DE DOM PEDRO QUARTO, WITH A STATUE OF PEDRO IV. (IN CENTRE) AND THE ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE (BEYOND TO LEFT).

FOR those who have the time and means at their disposal, it is comforting to reflect, during these dreary days of winter in this country, that within a few days one may pass from rain and fog, from mud and gloom, into regions favoured with a sunny, bracing climate, where



THE GOLF-COURSE AT MONT ESTORIL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE TAGUS, SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM LISBON: "A LITTLE PARADISE AMONGST PINES."

the winds are gentle and the air balmy, and the landscape, bright with flowers and trees in leaf, is that of gladsome spring. And for those who do not know which to select of these most attractive centres, an excellent opportunity is now afforded of paying a fleeting visit to them all—aboard one of the many magnificent liners which cruise at this season of the year about the southern coasts of Spain and Portugal, along the North African coast, and to the Atlantic Islands—and of making one's own choice and having an excellent tonic into the bargain!

Three days aboard a modern large liner pass very quickly and very happily, even should the sea be rough, and then the red-brown rocks of Cape da Roca rise to view, a bar of gleaming sand, stretching almost across the mouth of the Tagus, flanked by high hills, and soon you are steaming up-river, past the picturesque beach of Mont Estoril, and have dropped anchor off Lisbon. The city, terraced up the sides of a range of low hills, on the river's left bank, with its houses mostly of dazzling white, its many parks and gardens, and its stately buildings, has a beauty few cities in the world can challenge; and when you step ashore and pass, almost at once, into the magnificent square,



NATIVE LIFE AT RABAT: THE MARKET-PLACE OF AN OLD MOROCCAN PORT, ONCE THE HEADQUARTERS OF A CORSAIR REPUBLIC THAT RIVALLED SALÉ (THE "SALEE" OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE").

Photograph Canadian Pacific.

Praça do Comercio, around which are grouped most of the public buildings, and beyond, into the Avenida da Liberdade, with its three parallel roads, separated by avenues of trees, one of the finest thoroughfares in Europe, you discover that Lisbon is a city of amazing contrasts.

Of special interest to Englishmen, as a seafaring race, is the old Hieronymite Convent, founded in 1499, to commemorate the discovery of the sea-route to India by Vasco da Gama; and here, amongst other royal tombs, is that of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Queen. The Cathedral, originally a fine Gothic building, was badly shattered in the great earthquake of 1775, and the ancient choir and façade only remain in the restored edifice. Of more modern construction, having two beautiful chapels, with very rich mosaics and pillars of lapis lazuli, São Roque has the added attraction of being the burial-place of most of the Kings of the House of Braganza. With its Royal and National Museums, its famous library, and its magnificent Botanic Gardens, Lisbon has much to attract and hold the visitor; but it is to Mont Estoril, some fifteen miles to the west, by the Tagus's mouth, that you pass on—if you intend to stay in Southern Portugal and take advantage of its splendid winter climate. Strung around a perfect bay, with golden, shell-strewn sands, rocks of fantastic outline, and a fine castellated tower to lend romance to the scene, Mont Estoril is a little paradise amongst pines. Set in the midst of spacious grounds, a wealth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, are stately hotels of pleasing architecture and houses of attractive type, and you drive to them along wide roads bordered with palms and fragrant trees of pine and eucalyptus. A golf-course, tennis courts, and a safe, sandy beach provide excellent sport amenities; and close at hand, connected by a very up-to-date electric tramway, is Lisbon, with its fine shops and its theatres and opera.

About seven miles due north of Mont Estoril, along a good road with charming scenery, lies Cintra, where, perched on the highest crags of a rugged mountain mass, mantled with forests of cork, eucalyptus, and pine, is the royal palace of Peña, overlooking, on a lower ridge, an old Moorish fort and ruined mosque. On the sheltered lower slopes cluster the



ALGIERS FROM THE SEA: THE MODERN ASPECT OF THE FAMOUS OLD PIRATE STRONGHOLD, SHOWING THE GREAT BUILDINGS ALONG THE WATER-FRONT WHICH NOWADAYS MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A EUROPEAN RATHER THAN AN AFRICAN CITY.

embowered houses of the picturesque town of Cintra, an ancient half-Gothic, half-Moorish palace set in their midst, and the fantastic beauty of the place is almost indescribable. Lisbon, Mont Estoril, Cintra—a marvellous combination, and one the manifold charms of which you will find it very difficult to resist.

It is a very pleasant run, and one full of historic interest, from Lisbon to Malaga. After passing Cape St. Vincent, where the Spanish fleet was shattered by Sir John Jervis, and Nelson, in 1797, you cross immortal Trafalgar's Bay, round Point Tarifa, then sight and pass the famous Rock of Gibraltar, and a few hours afterwards steam into the beautiful bay of Malaga, where you see the city, athwart the Guadalmedina, shimmering in the sunlight, with a foreground of blue sea, and backed in the distance by a lofty range of mountains, which shut off cold winds. Apart from its romantic situation, Malaga has the priceless advantage of a perfect winter climate. It is said to be the most perfect in Europe; at any rate, it has an average temperature of 55 degrees, a daily range of 4.1 degrees, an air so dry and bracing that when rain falls, which is seldom, it soon evaporates, without causing any appreciable dampness; snow is unknown, and day after day the skies are unclouded and there is brilliant sunshine. Even invalids can enjoy life in the open air to the full, and for those of artistic temperament there are the most magnificent sunsets. Add to

these priceless assets the joys of a very luxuriant vegetation almost tropical in character—for oranges, lemons, figs, melons, pomegranates, bananas, and sugar-cane are grown in the neighbourhood, whilst flowers bloom in profusion throughout the winter, transforming this into a glorious spring—and you can realise the appeal made by Malaga to those who have once experienced its charm.

As you pass from this ideal centre for a winter holiday in Spain *en route* for the Balearic Islands, you have an excellent view of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, with heights of over 11,000 ft., and you may cruise sufficiently close to the coast of Almeria to gain glimpses of its famous vineyards. A day or so at sea, and then you arrive at Palma, the capital and chief port of the Balearic Islands,



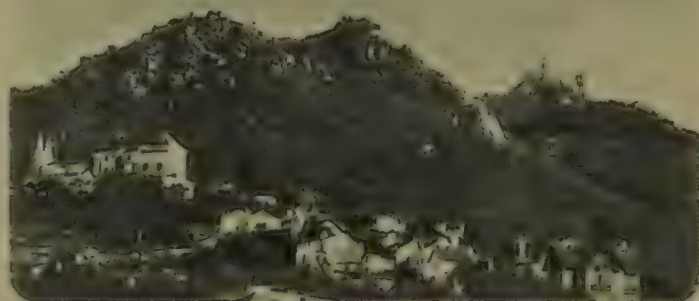
THE BATHING BEACH AT MONT ESTORIL, NEAR LISBON: A DELIGHTFUL SEASIDE RESORT "STRUNG AROUND A PERFECT BAY, WITH GOLDEN SHELL-STREWN SANDS. . . ."

very charmingly situated at the head of a fine bay in Majorca. Palma runs Malaga very close in the matter of climate, being only very slightly cooler during the winter, and having a bracing air, with plenty of sunshine, whilst a high range of mountains keeps off cold winds from the north; but it has a distinct charm of its own as the centre of an island race as mixed in blood as Britain's, for Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Moors, and Northmen ravaged and settled the islands at various times. The Moors held it for several hundred years, and the original stock has a decided Moorish imprint. You may note a Moorish touch in the architecture, though Palma has a noble Gothic cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century, and some

fine buildings of the period of the Renaissance and later. About a mile south-west of the town there is a castle, named Bellver, which was once the residence of Majorcan Kings, for there was a period, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when Spanish Kings ruled here independently of Spanish rule on the mainland. Nowadays, Palma has become very modern, and with good hotels, good roads, and abundant provision

for sport, it is making the most of its climatic advantages and its excellent situation as a centre for exploring the island of Majorca. This may be done by train and tram, by carriage or motor-car, or even on mule- or horse-back; and the island is so small that you may make excursions to any part of it from Palma and return in one day. The scenery inland and along the coast is magnificent. Soller is a valley paradise of orange groves, amid mountains down the sides of which torrents dash from crag to crag; Manacor has caves, and an underground lake, with strange forms of stalactite; while Alcudia possesses an entrancing bay, with high, well-wooded ground about

[Continued overleaf.]



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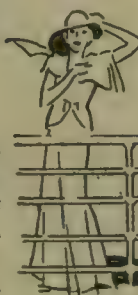
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# Cunard

*Continued.]*

it and views which delight artists and other lovers of natural beauty. Slightly under two hundred miles south of Palma lies Algiers, the capital of Algeria. It is built in a commanding position on the slopes of hills which run parallel to the coast, and its fine, tall, modern buildings stand out boldly along the sea-front and give it the appearance of a European rather than of an African city. Nor is the illusion dispelled when you step ashore, for modern Algiers has a lay-out that is distinctly European—wide, regular streets, some arcaded, and official and commercial buildings and shops such as would lend an air of distinction to any town of France. Smartly dressed people—French, Spanish, Algerian, and of other nationality—through the fashionable boulevards; business men in the commercial quarter are of the type one sees in Marseilles; and it is only when you pass to old Algiers, all that is left of the great pirate stronghold, that you realise that you are really in Northern Africa—the land of the Arab and the Berber, the veiled Tuareg and Kabyle, of date-palm and oasis, and the great Sahara. In the old quarter of Algiers you will find that there is still a good deal to interest and amuse—rambling old houses on narrow, uneven streets, where some of the shops are mere dark holes in the wall.



FUNCHAL, WITH ITS ANCIENT FORTRESS GUARDING THE HARBOUR MOUTH:  
THE CAPITAL OF MADEIRA AS SEEN FROM THE SEA—SHOWING ONE OF  
THE LARGE HOTELS (LEFT) AND BEAUTIFUL HILLS BEHIND THE TOWN.

*Photograph by E. E. Long.*

Algiers has a good winter climate, warmer and more equable than that of the Riviera, numerous and very fashionable hotels, and abundant facilities for sport. Many among its throngs of winter visitors find it a very attractive place of winter residence, but others find it a most convenient "kicking-off" spot for excursions into the North African hinterland generally. The provision of good railways and first-class motor roads throughout Algeria and Tunis and parts of Morocco enables visits to be made in comfort from Algiers to almost every spot of scenic beauty or historic interest in these lands. That is why, in the season, Algiers is crowded with tourists, coming and going, and is gay with life—of Europe and Africa, a metropolis where the Old World meets the New, but where yet lingers something of the glamour of the bad old days when Christian slaves repaired the walls of this corsair stronghold under the lash of the Moslem overseer!

Skirting the Algerian coast, and passing once again through the Straits of Gibraltar, about halfway down the coast of Morocco, we come to Casablanca, the second largest town in Morocco and a very considerable port. It has



BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE NEAR LAS PALMAS, IN THE ISLAND OF GRAND  
CANARY: "FINE MOUNTAIN SCENERY AND HILLS WITH SOFT CONTOURS  
RESEMBLING THE DOWNS"—A COUNTRY WITH A GENIAL WINTER CLIMATE  
AND A FAVOURABLE MONEY EXCHANGE.—[Photograph Canadian Pacific.]

been under French occupation for twenty-five years, and the French have transformed it into a modern commercial town, with comfortable hotels, good roads, and rail communication with the interior. Although it has a cool winter climate, Casablanca can hardly be classed as a health resort, nor does it possess the attractiveness of a typically Moroccan town; but it has an excellent harbour, capable of accommodating ships of large tonnage, and thus it has come to be a rendezvous in the winter season for pleasure-cruising steamers. Usually, arrangements are made to convey tourists, by a railway running along the coast, to Rabat, a very picturesque old Moroccan port, which is being modernised by the French, but retains much of its native charm, and here Moroccan life and architecture may be studied and a glimpse obtained of the realities of this still wild and strange land. A fine twelfth-century gateway gives access to the native town, where the "atmosphere" is such that it is easy to visualise the Rabat of seventeenth-century times, when the place was the headquarters of an independent republic of corsairs, at first a rival, and later a vassal, of the famous Salé, immortalised by Defoe as "Salee," in "Robinson Crusoe," the chief stronghold of the Barbary corsairs and the terror of European sailors.

About five hundred miles south-west of Casablanca lie the Canary Isles, known to old geographers as the Fortunate Islands, and fortunate indeed



are those who are able to spend a winter holiday there. The temperature at sea-level is just over 60 degrees, rainfall is slight, fog unknown, and there are no cold winds—a grand combination! The islands number seven, but two only have been developed as health resorts—Teneriffe and Grand Canary; and, with the peseta at a discount (the Canaries are under Spanish rule), the present is an opportune time to visit them. Teneriffe, the largest island, has a glorious valley, which is backed by snow-topped mountains and has a magnificent sea-view; and here, at a height of 1000 ft. above sea, is situated the town of Oratava, a very favoured resort, with good hotels and fine mountain air. A motor road connects it with Santa Cruz, the capital of the islands, which lies low, has a very dry climate, and, though lacking in vegetation and scenery, has a stirring history, for it was bombarded by Blake in 1657, and here Nelson lost an arm in an attack on the port in 1797. British flags then captured still hang in a Santa Cruz church!

Grand Canary has fine mountain scenery and hills with soft contours resembling the Downs. It is the most fertile of the islands, where the famous Canary banana is grown to perfection, and there are plantations of sugarcane, fields of onions and tomatoes, with avenues of palm and eucalyptus and hedgerows bright with wild flowers. Las Palmas, the port and capital, has excellent accommodation for visitors, and is a clean, well-drained, modern town, the largest in the Canaries, with a handsome cathedral, many imposing public buildings, and a theatre. A good deal of the local trade—in fruit, vegetables, wine, and coal for ship-coaling—is in British hands, and there is a very numerous foreign colony, which ensures an up-to-date social life. Not far from Las Palmas, some 1400 ft. up in the hills, is the pleasant little health resort of Monte, where you get magnificent views of the island and realise its



FUNCHAL AS SEEN FROM THE PIER: THE MODERN PART OF THE TOWN, WHICH HAS ALL THE AMENITIES, AND EVERY FACILITY FOR VISITING THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF MADEIRA—"A WONDERFUL WINTER RETREAT."

beauty; but, whether you stay in Grand Canary or in Teneriffe, you will appreciate the winter climate of the Canaries.

Madeira lies a few hundred miles further north, and its climate is slightly cooler, but more bracing, for the island is a mass of mountains, with deep valleys between, and is ideal in winter. Moreover, there is no more lovely spot in the whole world. You have immense cliffs, towering skywards from the sea to a height of two thousand feet; lofty mountains, their lower slopes gently shelving to the coast and thickly clothed with forests of fine trees; wild ravines, where mountain torrents dash down the sides in clouds of spray; and lofty plateaux, with almost every variety of flower, fern, and foliage grown in temperate and sub-tropical climes. Houses, perched on crags, have about them hanging gardens of roses, geraniums, and many-shaded bougainvillea, and the banks of the terraced roads are thick with white and purple lilies, with fern and aromatic shrub. Where the soil has been won from nature, it teems with vineyards, oranges, lemons, guavas, loquats, mangoes, custard-apples, figs, pineapples, and other luscious fruits.

Funchal, on the south coast, the port and capital, is the tourist centre of Madeira. Here are palatial hotels, some a few hundred feet up, one halfway up the side of the mountains, which form an amphitheatre. The streets are so steep that wheeled traffic is impossible, and you must journey in bullock-cart on wooden runners; or, downwards, by a species of toboggan.



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF FUNCHAL HARBOUR AND THE TOWN ON THE STEEP SLOPES OF ITS MOUNTAIN AMPHITHEATRE: THE HEART OF AN ISLAND PARADISE SAID TO HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED BY TWO RUNAWAY LOVERS.—[Photograph Canadian Pacific.]

A theatre, cinema, tennis, and golf, with bathing, boating, and fishing, represent the modern side of Funchal; and good motor roads and a mountain railway enable visitors to see much of the island's great natural beauty. I like to dwell on the story of Madeira's discovery by two lovers, Robert Machin and Anna d'Arfet, who, fleeing from England to France to escape the wrath of irate parents, were driven southwards far out into the Atlantic.

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THREE FRENCH REIGNS AT 25, PARK LANE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

very choice array of porcelain, of silver, and of furniture, rendered doubly interesting and attractive by the fact that the decorations of the great rooms on the first floor are French and of the period, so that these beautiful objects are to be seen in their proper surroundings. The things themselves are distinguished and are in a distinguished setting, and one comes away from the exhibition with a very vivid sense not merely of the achievement of individual artists and craftsmen, but of the social background which made that achievement possible.

It is notorious that the amiable and not very clever Louis XVI. went to the guillotine because of the crimes of his grandfather, Louis XV., who followed the extravagant example set by his great-grandfather, Louis XIV.; but whatever we may think of the political fatuity of the governing class during the whole of the eighteenth century in France, and however much we may condemn its selfishness and corruption, it did form a *milieu* which encouraged the arts and, on the whole, exercised upon them an influence of extraordinary refinement. An interesting sidelight upon French society of the time is thrown by Fanny Burney in her letters of 1792 from Mickleham, in Surrey, where she was staying with her sister, Mrs. Phillips. Fanny was no stranger to polite conversation at her father's house in town—Poland Street, was it not?—but she writes with admiration of the distinguished little coterie of exiles whom she visited at Juniper Hall, between Leatherhead and Dorking. "There can be nothing imagined more fascinating than this colony," she says, and "English has nothing to do with elegance such as theirs." Good manners are always attractive, whether in persons or in things, and what charmed Fanny Burney then in the people she met can charm us no less to-day in the inanimate objects of this exhibition. That a few go beyond what our present austere taste considers permissible in decoration is beside the point: in most English rooms many of them would look out of place; seen here, their very extravagance is delicious.

In my more spartan moments I would argue with all and sundry that the cabinet-maker should eschew the use of metal except where absolutely necessary (drawer handles, for example). But, faced with some of the pieces exhibited here, one throws such principles to the four winds, and amends the rule as follows: "Never use metal unless you are, beyond all dispute, a real master of your craft"—for, indeed, one or two of these cabinets formed of the two materials are almost gem-like in their easy mastery.

Yet it would be giving a false impression to suggest that the whole period is completely dominated by this successful marriage of wood and metal. Two illustrations will be sufficient. The chair and stool belonging to Sir Philip Sassoon (Fig. 3) are objects of great dignity and beauty, and the Dowager Lady Harcourt's *poudreuse* (Fig. 4) is an exquisite piece of furniture. These two seem to me more typical of the quiet good taste of the century than many of the more elaborate and perhaps more notable examples in the big saloon. There is, I presume, if we may date the former about the year 1700 or a

little earlier, about fifty years' difference between them. They show remarkably well the gradual change in fashion from stateliness to elegance which marked the intervening years, and the student of English furniture will note in both cases how compelling was the influence of the French Court upon cabinet-makers in London, for the type of the chair with its X stretcher is to be found in England under William and Mary, while the pretty little toilet table had a host of imitators in the second half of the century.

Among the smaller pieces—they are numerous and exquisite—Fig. 1, the little round table on a slender stem which the French call a *guéridon*, belonging to the Countess of Kenmare, is a model of its kind, very delicate, beautifully proportioned, with the metal mounts used sparingly and with wonderful taste. This, I imagine, is to be dated about 1780, as is also Fig. 2, the cabinet lent, like the *poudreuse*, by Lady Harcourt. There are several cabinets and tables in which lavish use is made of plaques of Sèvres porcelain. These, to me, are examples of marvellous craftsmanship; but, though I admire them enormously, I have an uneasy feeling that china is seen to better advantage by itself. We ourselves, of course, did our best to imitate this engaging fashion by using Wedgwood plaques in a similar manner.

A settee and two chairs (part of a complete set, and of an odd shape) have a romantic history. They are in the picture gallery, and are the identical pieces

made for the Princesse de Lamballe, the devoted friend of Marie Antoinette. In 1776 her father built for her at Rambouillet a little pavilion—Le Pavillon de Coquillages, or sea-shells—and these pieces furnished it. They were, when new, covered in green. In



1. A LOUIS XVI. GUÉRIDON: A LITTLE ROUND TABLE ON A SLENDER STEM, BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED, AND WITH THE METAL MOUNTS USED SPARINGLY AND WITH WONDERFUL TASTE. (C. 1780.)

Lent by the Countess of Kenmare.



2. A LOUIS XVI. CABINET IN MAHOGANY WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS: ONE OF A PAIR, SURMOUNTED BY A CLOCK; WHILE ITS COMPANION HAS A BAROMETER. (C. 1780.)

Lent by the Dowager Viscountess Harcourt.



3. A LOUIS XIV. CARVED GILT ARMCHAIR AND STOOL EN SUITE: PIECES DESIGNED IN A STYLE OF SIMPLE DIGNITY THAT WAS IMITATED IN LONDON AT THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY. (C. 1700.)

Both the chair and the stool are covered with the original blue velvet and with silver embroidery. They well illustrate the stateliness of the "Louis Quatorze" style, which evolved into the elegance, of which the *poudreuse* seen in Fig. 4 is typical.

Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt. All Reproductions on this Page by Courtesy of the Owners. Copyrights reserved.



4. AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF FURNITURE: A LOUIS XV. POUDREUSE INLAID WITH FLOWERS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND CONTAINING ITS ORIGINAL FITTINGS.

This elegant *poudreuse*, and the chair and stool seen in Fig. 3, seem to be more typical of the quiet good taste of the period illustrated by the exhibition than many of the more elaborate and perhaps more notable examples of furniture.

Lent by the Dowager Viscountess Harcourt.

1794 they were sold by auction: by then the spoilt darling for whom they had been made had long since met her dreadful fate in the September massacres. Something of this shadow hangs over the whole of this entrancing exhibition. If the original owners returned, they returned to a new world, from which the ease and polish were gone.



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## DIRECTED ECONOMY.

(Continued from Page 268.)

what its Western admirers and the most advanced partisans of directed economy want? It does not look like it. In any case, no one has ever said so, in Russia or anywhere else.

That is why the Russian Revolution does not seem to be a true revolution. So far it has put up nothing new in opposition to Western ideas. It would have been a true revolution had it dared to say to the Western peoples: "We don't want your precious wealth. Let Russia be poor—but let her live without envy or covetousness, because the virtues that are lacking in your capitalist society, stifled by the obesity of riches, can only be brought out by poverty." But it has not dared to launch that revolutionary challenge to the West, because it knew that the masses would neither have understood nor followed it. In Russia, as in the whole of the West, the masses want, above all, abundance and comfort. The Russian Revolution has made plans for the development of industry; it has recruited technical experts from all the capitalist countries; it has built up machinery and large factories, promising Russia that it shall become the richest country in the world. Her present poverty is merely a temporary sacrifice in order to acquire the Golden Fleece. There is nothing revolutionary about that programme. It is nothing but Western capitalism. But it is a contradictory capitalism that is not, cannot be, a success. Russia's controlled economy succeeds in stifling big fortunes; but it cannot succeed in developing the total riches of the country. It is equality in poverty. It is not difficult to explain why. If a country is required to produce the maximum quantity of riches in the shortest possible time, activity, the spirit of adventure, and individual enterprise must be allowed the maximum amount of liberty: it is a principle that the nineteenth century has demonstrated in schools and borne out by its own history.

That does not mean to say that the freedom of industry, trade, agriculture, and banking is enough to create a perfect society. That was the mistake of the liberalism of 1830. Man does not live solely in order to produce the greatest possible amount of wealth; he also lives in order to attain to a certain moral and intellectual perfection. Economic liberty has many drawbacks; it leads to injustice, it encourages certain forms of corruption, it drives men more and more to sacrifice quality to quantity. Why, before 1914, did all the civilised States of the West put certain restrictions on the total freedom of trade and industry demanded by certain theorists? Because those restrictions were demanded by morality, which also has its value. But it was never seriously thought that they would be encouragements to production or stimulants to activity. A country that concerns itself above all with

the rapid increase of wealth should give the utmost possible freedom to commerce and industry, while resigning itself to the injustices that may arise from it. A country anxious to avoid certain inevitable drawbacks of economic liberty is right in restricting it; and, by restricting it with intelligent humanity, can thereby furnish a proof of high civilisation. But it should be well aware how much those restrictions are going to cost it, because they must directly or indirectly curtail production.

However—the mistake is nowadays all too frequent—rapid enrichment must not be looked upon as the sole and eternal ideal of humanity. It has only been the ideal of a part of humanity—Europe and America—since the nineteenth century. Before the nineteenth century, even in Europe, the ideal of nations was now religious perfection, now the magnitude or solidity of political splendour, now the refinement of manners or beauty and elegance. Throughout the nineteenth century the great Asiatic civilisations still rejected the Western ideal as being gross and barbarous. If they seem to have gone over to it in the last quarter of a century, its universality does not necessarily mean that it is to be eternal. Like all the ideals that preceded it, it will sooner or later be engulfed in the current of time that is now bearing it along. But so long as the most rapid development of wealth remains the ideal of humanity, individual energy and the passions that stimulate it must be allowed a wide liberty of action.

The economic setback of the Russian Revolution is not surprising; and it can unhesitatingly be concluded to be irremediable. Moscow can go on multiplying plans as much as it likes; the result will remain unchanged. But that setback should be a lesson to the West; it should show it that, when it cries out for a directed economy, it should be quite sure that it knows its own mind. Does it wish to escape from certain drawbacks of industrial or commercial liberty, or does it wish to emerge from the present crisis by a rush of production which would permit the world to live on the same scale as it did ten years ago? In the first case it is right to demand a directed economy; in the second it is wrong. That misunderstanding is at the bottom of all the present unrest. Our period is sinking deeper and deeper into inextricable difficulties, because it can no longer see clearly into itself and no longer knows what it wants. It wants something contradictory; it asks that the order of cause and effect should be reversed in order to satisfy contradictory aspirations. That is how illusions and disappointments multiply, risking the provocation of explosions of despair that may eventually prove disastrous. Our period must be helped to see clearly into itself; it is essential for the common salvation. It is up to the thinkers and writers to do so. Though the task may be a heavy and difficult one, it is worth their while.

"THE HOLMESES OF BAKER STREET."  
AT THE LYRIC.

THIS tale of Sherlock Holmes, twenty-five years after he disappeared from periodical literature, is told with such a pleasant touch of satire that improbabilities of the plot don't matter a great deal. It is true that the *dénouement* is a trifle naïve, but the action in the main is sufficiently rapid and plausible to revive the thrill we felt in those distant days when the name Holmes was on everyone's tongue. When the curtain rises, Mr. Holmes is still living in Baker Street, with the devoted, yet obtuse, Dr. Watson a constant visitor. Holmes is a widower, with an only daughter who follows too closely in his footsteps for his liking. Somewhat unhappily married, one judges, Mr. Holmes had taken to bee-keeping, and as an apiarist has gleaned some unusual ideas as to a woman's function as a wife, so that he dislikes the idea of his daughter developing such powers of deduction as to make any possible husband as readable as an open book.

But there is in existence a collection of criminals known as The White Cross Gang, and they, having stolen the famous *Médici Pearl*, have defied Mr. Holmes to hunt them down. Miss Shirley Holmes forthwith involves her father in the affair. A queen bee is somehow, no matter how, exchanged for the stolen pearl; there are masked robbers; firearms; obtuse detectives; peers' sons earning an honest living as radio salesmen, and almost everything that goes to the making of a crook play. Yet not a crook play that fails for the reason one doesn't take it too seriously. Mr. Holmes's survey of footprints through a microscope, his "Elementary, my dear Watson," and all the old-time tricks bring a neat touch of burlesque, as well as a thrill, with them. Admirably acted. Mr. Felix Aylmer is a Sherlock Holmes of sixty-five or so to the life; Sir Nigel Playfair makes Dr. Watson a shorter man than Mr. Sidney Paget (the original impersonator) did, but his is a perfect bit of comedy; Miss Rosemary Ames, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Martin Walker, and Mr. Alfred Clark also did good work. A little speeding up is all this comedy demands to make it a first-class evening's entertainment.

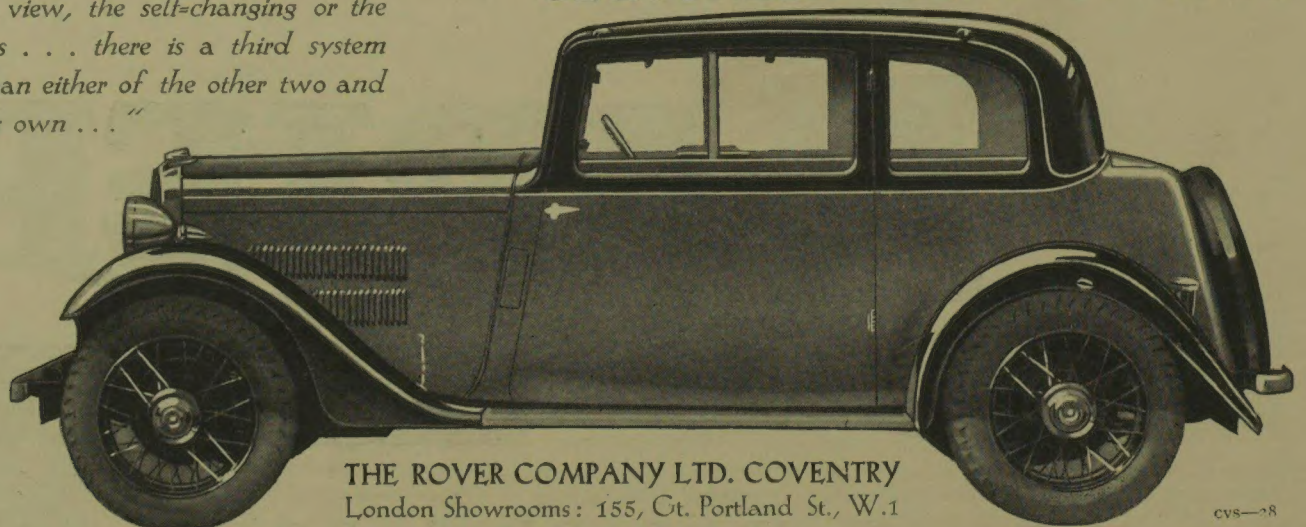
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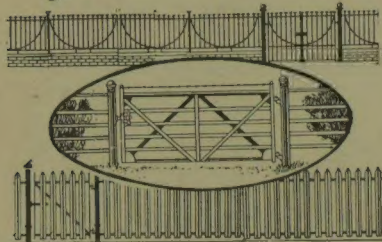
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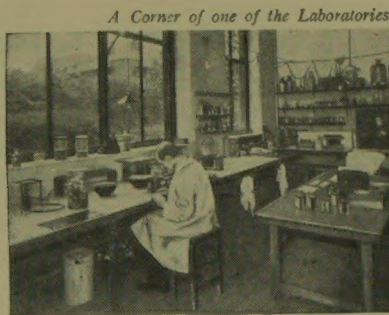
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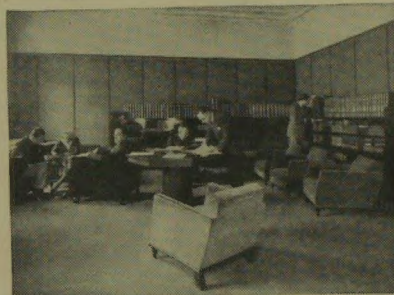
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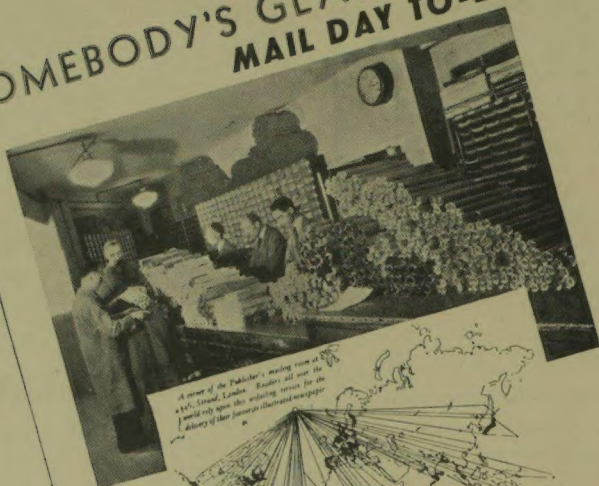
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